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46,817 Words

Fatamariæve's Swan Song

:Darcy-John:Bouchard© *dit* Li Exðuīle

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Humbly shared only therefore for our few fans…. this writings, of-from our heart.

Ye Scribbler Gode Chylde
Erehwon BC, 2026

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We are flying away, higher & higher!
Leo TOLSTOY, *in a half-whisper*

"R.E.M."

Being within non-existence.
Unemotional inky blackness:
a superfluous fluidity of unsubstance mechanically fabricating
surreal reproductions of the mental process.
Suspensional animation implausibly not recognizing the natural
laws of neither here-thereness nor then-nowness.
Splatterings of black and white splotches: gray static luminance
into the naughtibility of the where-elseness:
sporadic patterns which momentarily, spasmodically, dada-artfully
spanghew now-here actuality,
whilest another realm of subphenomental identity emerges,
quick becoming … what-it-is man!

The sound of colors flooding in and filling the empty spaces
betwixt lines connecting dots,
as the far-out neo-happening takes place,
& the heaviness of the physical obscures:
a myriad of bizarre *happenings* that are
solopsistically abstract,
strangely phantasmagoric, wild;
then, the action[1] suddenly *scitzoids* into a weird reverse-type of situation slamming the sleeper back into the urschleimic world of mortality …

& the dreamer, *Icarian-like f a l l s . . .*

& from the heights (of devotion) too, *man*, onto *anterior fontanelle* - awakening,

choking on the fœtal laughter[2] of imperfect I*ness*.

R.
R. E. M.
M.

[1] Word & Deed. *Im Anfang war Die Tat.* Cf. (Moffat) JER 4:23. I look out on earth – lo, all is chaos, / I look at heaven – *Its* LIGHT is gone.

[2] In spring time, *Aztek* boys & girls, gaily decked with flowers, were borne upon ornamental litters in festal procession, with loud chanted prayers & laughter, feigned pleasure to drown out the anguished cries of the victims, (& their relatives); & were thrown into the sacred whirlpool with the *bloody* hearts of many victims – these cries & abundance of tears were intended to incur a favourable answer from the rain-god … *'fatal laughter'*.

Sleep is a "Shadow of Death." The consciousness is unaware. The ***auditory sense***, during ***rest***, or ***repose***, functions ***in place of the five conscious sensations***: and creates the "Activating Essence" built by accumulated "living experience" in the "natural world" and in the Realm of the Soul.

Sleep is when the Soul takes stock of *its* Life, drawing comparisons.

In sleep all things become possible.

The Sleeping Prophet, Edgar Cayce

Ic Eom on Lif

Old English: "I am alive"

ca. 1995, Saskatoon

withuten on dream eom ic
giernan for an ende to se daeg
ond thoer is nestoppian sloep

to tiorian eom ic

nu don min sawol onwoeconen
ic habben freodom ongegn

in se otherweorold ic cnawan meself
ic eom floesc ond blod
ic eom monn

Notes

Creation of the Activating Essence relates *to* "the earnest importance of **'fetal self-identity'** and **'ancestral memory**,**'** as is the Spectrum of Wave Lengths associated with 'sound' and 'light'—as is **Destiny Manifest**" (as concerns "precognition of purpose" in its' relation to 'being' and 'non-existence.')

"I will destroy the wisdom of the wise; the intelligence of the intelligent."
Apostle Saul of Tarsus

Compare **1 Cor. 1:18-22**, noting especially **verse 21**: **"*The world through its wisdom has not come to know…*"** Also, refer to **"*the last words of Ne-ganik-abo*"** (English: "*Man that Stands Ahead*" or "*Stands First*") (*q.v.*), an **Ojibway** elder who dispensed ***traditional First Nations lore*** and ***aboriginal wisdom***, and prominent in the stories of **Grey Owl** (born Archibald Belaney, 1888).

The importance of **"blood"** as the **"*vital fluid*"** is comparable to *the* **"*sap of plants*"** *insomuch* as "nearly all organic compounds are carbonaceous—as are diamonds… dust… and iron—and, sure, there be **"iron in our blood**."**

[**'Silicon**,**'** in respect to its abundance in Nature ranks next to 'oxygen,' and which, as in the science fiction short story, **"*Spaceman*,"** (by :Darcy-John:Bouchard©), the **"*scientists*"** use to create **"*a carbon-silicon hybrid nanotechnology*"** used in **"*in utero*" *surgery*** to implant ***a 'transmutating' symbiotic "seed*,"** being ***attached to the fetus' developing pituitary gland*** [ ] and, as the developing person evolves, slowly digesting evolving ***nanobits*** from the ***seeded clouds*** and ***fluoridated water***, and in the ***biochemical "pink" slime*** we, the cattle, must consume to live—given us by **"*them which wield the whip*"** as so specifically manufactured to dumb-down any individuality and subject the masses to corporate control in the **"*world gulag archipelago*"** and **"*oligarchic police State*"** and totally control every ***tolerated slave mind*** using ***micro-decibel sub-audio bio-electric control*** of the ***human endocrine and lymphatic sy***stems… making **cyborg sciences** and ***exploration of deep space*** plausible.]

One day, inevitably, even your most gracious Beatrice must die.
Dante, *La Vita Nuova* XXIII

O 'Mortal Passion

For Cheryl—one of the café girls

Within dreams entomb'd, Dante, at peace rested;
within the womb o' darkness shrouded… he slept:
Sithin didst descend 'pon a throne 'midst clouds,
a tragic vision: "O ilka lief heorte…"
Virgil spake: "I bear thee yine sorrow's tears!"
Within his embrace lay sweet Beatrice.
Within her grave… her lips, ne'er e'er to kiss,
O life's loving-breath.
"O thy blest caress,"
cried him, falling from dream to reality;
"O soul, being for me no reason hasth."

Thus awoke dreamer–grim—cold and crying;
alone, lonely, wet with sore weeping… dread
within his thoughts, O, of eternal love:

"Within this flesh, shall ne'ermore blood pulse…"

ca. 1996-97
Regina, Cathedral Village area

Pure Love is consumed–a sacrifice proven
without "unpetaling" sweet-scented flowers

Venus' Arousal

Emotion's ebb pulses primal sensations;
ocean's froth—wet and wild; tempestuous
flesh, thus desiring yine flame-lips caress.
This man I am doest pine for ye, daring,
O heart, thunderous love–tis the dragon
merging forth, bearing fruit within cold coils:

> "Taste myne kiss, dear maid, allow invasion.
> Hear thou myne wanton whispers' seductions"

Fallen midst roses and myrtle, O goddess—
a mortal blow served thy beauty radiant:
I'm dust at thy feet, O Queen of Heaven;
smitten by sparkling flames within yine eyes…

> Embrace myne breath and consume its' hot mist.
> Woman, draw deep into ye… O hot must!

osanna in excelsis

ca. 1996-97
Regina, Cathedral Village area

The Bard's Mistake

No! I am that I am and they that level
guess to the sphere of myne influence—
speculating 'pon One Selfe naturally…
squarely seeth the Spirit of Loving Life.

That Waelkryie whom this chosen soul didst anoint,
watches o'er, witnessing all said and done,
and thaim observers, so opinionated,
yet, have their own dumb selves to reckon with.

O reflect, thence, o'er yine own heart–a slave,
what tis so judged—in Ra's scales balanced,
ne'er e'er noticing—O… our hurt feelings
trodden underneath her damned sallow steed,
calling out, O, *that* "All men
are bad and in this badness reign."

ca. 1996-97
Regina, Cathedral Village area

The Debutante

For Coey Kerr—a pre-teen Park-girrrl with red-red hair

I know a darlin' cailin, O a lovely maiden strothe,
An' she is so very much endeared and admired by m' 'umble se'f;
I believe a troubled thought she doest secret 'hind a tender mirth
For sparklin' deep within limpid eyes glean I Anarchy …
"Dear Lass, moist tears a-shimmer art glistening, oi, revealin' youth
So innocent and vulnerable," (as e'en Pandora learning of Hope);
Thus say I to thee, "Red – 'ery together we've shared is treasured, and
Though the confusion of growing up just seems to get worse,
You'll find life will get better whence for Happiness you strive:
Reality is only all fucked up if you let it make you sad."

Experience costs our 'ery all. Life is complicated.
Innocence is the price demanded and – O woe its loss:
Were all ripped and torn apart inside by decisions made;
We hurt each other with our choices … being human is our excuse. No excuse
Blessed damsel, I dreamt a Holy Presence and am sore afraid;
The well-trod path didst widen … leaving me lost at day's break.
My wayward wont to wander through despairing wilderness;
Now, I encounter thee a-pass'n on by … goin' to tha' damned place …
Thine own sweet self trust ye not unto melancholic dolor;
O hearken thee not to the Lamentation of Orpheus.

Time has abandoned me – aged – a scarred and soiled Ulysses
Wandering aimless (as Theseus through Stygian labyrinth):
A white rabbit didst I pursue, O down into madness;
Thanatos was myne guide. Now, as Faust, or Job, I regret birth …
Lovely child, consider thy destiny, as difficult as it now seems,
For tomorrow blindly is 'pon thee and before ye knoweth
The fervent flame o' the vestal hearth shalt have grown cold.
Sinistral, the accuser falsely susurrates censures
And, O thine dreams become memories thou quick forgeth
As fiery æmerge of beatitude bygone soon pales.

Stark-and-bleak is the world – much too dangerous for li'l girles …
Tha' downtown thang is a perilous scene … so please don't tempt fate.
Within each our 'ery any soul doest a predatory beast lurk,
An' by the shadows of our cryptic thoughts – as prey – we're stalked.
Sweetheart … circumstance and situation art manifest.
Coterie doesn't oft relinquish what is absorbed, and

Tragic may be austere decree ag'in thaim na' auspicious …
Friendly seem the ways of those whom covet a delicate heart.
So choose thou wisely whom wouldst be thine camaraderie, cuz
Makin' fools of us all, Sophia … she helps those which help themselves.

We're all born – and die – the same – naked to relations …
Of memories collecting as our moments – these slowly pass …
Whilest all the while erode our capricious dreams and fancies,
Leaving us emptied of the desires tha' we once held so close.
Beautiful princess, th'arthe a dainty pure: Heed not yine whims
For idle notions readily do soon become obsessions,
As pursued the children of Hamelyn, O the piper's wrath …
And ye needeth not be of thaim lost to sorrow's melody.
So, kid – m' luv – doest conclude this – m' umble poesie for thee …
In my final days, I'll be a-remember'n whence once tha' …

I knew a darlin' cailin, O a lovely maiden strothe …
An' she was so very much endeared and admired by m' umble se'f

All is one love.

A Sonnet for Yine Hight, Fayre Sizer

I love you with all my heart,
with my entire mind and all my soul;
you're in my thoughts 'ery day and, O, 'ery night
th'art 'mongst mine dreams and share my phantasmies.
Of young women, strothe, you're most beautiful…
a goddess whose fiery spirit—oi—consumes;
a passionate inferno—so primal,
radiant scorchin'—wild, yet trusting me.

'Ery breath ushers out mine mortal flesh…
each pulsation of blood flowin' through my body…
vibrations caused by my living motion,
O, precious innocent, for what 'tis worth…
mine lonely, empty life – though worthless!
eternally—pledge me love ye, dear girl.

ca. 1997
2050 St. John's Street, Regina (*downtown stroll*)

"Qual diavolo ti tecco…?"

For myne earthly Angel's forgiveness…

She cared about me—then. Twas in her blue eyes;
But that was then… she's long since cast me away.
Yet, still, I can taste, O, her bitter tears.
Tis a pain in my belly which just won't fade;
"Thou didst me once love–and continue to…
E'en though, I know, my memory is dead to you.

Think of you 'ery day… guess I always will,
Though, I know, you'd rather I just forget

I don't give a damn—y' know! 'bout what you think;
I'm older… more experienced… Angel;
it'll come to pass that you'll forgive me yet.
and then, O, you'll regret doing nothing
to salvage what once was—and will always be,
a beauteous closeness you once shared with me.

ca. 1997
2050 St. John's Street, Regina (*downtown stroll*)

The Isle of Flame, a primeval lotus flower, rose up
Naked from (out of) the mud beneath the Wall…

An Idyll

Invitation to a Picnic

Manna bread and Wine, sweet nymph, *and* spices, too,
under Fruitive tree in the Garden
of the Unicorn—midst many flowers:
and above… the blue heavens fiery:

Fresh berries, red and purple grapes; incense,
to please thee—poetry… music of birds,
pleasant breath softly caressing thy ears:
All my senses are lost in yine deep eyes…

Collected in a small decorative bowl,
rose petals, perfumed water, fragrant… still;
to moisten honey-dipped fingers
and dampen sech creamy-stained lips…

For what is a picnic without candy?

ca. 1997
2050 St. John's Street, Regina (*downtown stroll*)

There is one thing stronger than the Will of the Father…
And that is the Love of the Mother.

An Idyll

Fiery Orthia of the Harvest Moon

O, virgin of the sacred bough,
naked meadow of the meadow chasing
pleasures of wild nature: the hunt, the cold,
scornfully, the love of man rejecting…

O, I've incensed her sexual passion,
my celibacy denied the Lady
of the Lovely Nates and by horses I'm torn,
and my blood stains foam-slaked stones by the sea.

Adrift fo'er… borne of woman's pains and love,
thine many breasts honeyed-lips, cream debauch…
th'ast laid a veil o'er mine alter of lust.

The murmuring bee hath garnered fragrance!

O Glorious Queen of the Orient,
heart's hearth and holy flame… thy name be blest.

ca. 1997-98
2050 St. John's Street, Regina (*downtown stroll*)

Tomorrow shall be a feast to the Lord.
Aaron, *Exodus 32:5*

Hymen of Potnia Theron

Salutations, Queen of Beauty,
th'art to the soul as honey to the flesh;
Let me consecrate breath to my Goddess
that she give me my love as a gift.
Lady
of Wild Beasts, of plants and waters sweet,
a sacrifice of milk and melted butter.

Winged youth dances, cooing: "Praise love's sour mead."

In the Garden of the Swan and the Dove,
twigs blossom—soft, rosy hearted in the spring,
and the Golden Apple grows… glowing fiery 'ery dawn.
Dewy Aphros—born in all-wetness, foaming,
emerges forth from the froth to pursue the Stag;
and the hunted heort's tears wash 'way in chase…
crimson staining lotus, lily and rose.

ca. 1997-98
2050 St. John's Street, Regina (*downtown stroll*)

A Canticle for an Angel

Another sonnet for Jamey Parker

Ye Shepherd Swaine and yine hinde Shepherdess
exchanging torrid whispers 'pon a grassy hillock in the moonlight.

Swaine: Let us kiss with the kisses of our mouths:
More delightful is your love than sweet wine.*
Hinde: Your name spoken is a spreading perfume.
Swaine: Ah, you are beautiful, my beloved,
you are beautiful: your eyes are doves.
Hinde: Innocent … there is no blemish in you.

Swaine: You have ravaged my heart, O my sister,
with one glance of your eyes.
Hinde: O on my bed
at night I sought you whom my heart loves true.
I sought you but did not find you by me.

Swaine: How beautiful is your love, sister.
Hinde: Much more delightful is your love than wine.

Swaine: Open to me, my sister, my beloved,
how beautiful you are, how pleasing.

ca. 1997-98
Revised…?
2050 St. John's Street, Regina (*downtown stroll*)

We only meant to kindle up life's torches,
and flame engulfs us, seas of torrid blazes!

Goethe, *Faust II* 4709 - 10

Conflagration

For a waitress

You are very beautiful in appearance:
and, for want of such pure, cream-soft flesh,
velvet which roses shall ne'er possess;
e'en Venus, Queen of Beauty, is jealous.

Shimmers moist, thine wet lips… O deep dreamy eyes,
smiling: "I know you can see right through me."

Though, my heart, aflame, aches and burns with desire…
'pon thyne alter sacrificed, as a fire.

Scorches—Gracious! Torrid—so doest devour:
Psyche's mortal embers… lost; mine soul's yours
already! and devastated, too! Damned!

Yea, sithen within myne breast, throbbin' hot blood…
bleeding cold now—and pouring forth, like smoke,
from the bitter wound your lusty charms smote.

ca. 1997-98
2050 St. John's Street, Regina (*downtown stroll*)

Supplication

Two baskets and flour presented to Thee,
O Goddess; An apple coated golden with honey
set between these two pots of grains and herbs
I left me prostrate upon fertile soil…
soil seeded with seeds I've sown honouring ye:
Two milk-white mounds of flour fine, powder
which even wild winds wouldst not blow away…
though 'twas dreary with cold rain—frozen snowing.

Young girls' love I've gifted to you, O Virgin,
so adored…: an Angel, whom my heart so broke,
another [cunt] tore the broken pieces out…

. . .

Now, I'm heartless—not really living life.
I'm just existing—going from hand-to-mouth.

Night of 8 Nov. 1999
2050 St. John's Street, Regina (*downtown stroll*)
Recently revised

No Title

I swallow death into myself
And vomit forth tomorrow's moments,
Washing nicotine away with coffee…
After coffee… after coffee… et cetera.
Cigarette after cigarette after cigarette…
And think I know me for whom I It Am.

The many different faces that you wear,
The many different voices which you speak,
Just don't mean much to me – I don't believe…
I just don't care – I died so long ago;
Deep inside me I am already a ghost,
A spectre of whom I once pretended
To be whilest yet enduring living flesh.

3 Oct. 2000

The Fragmented Tablets of Destiny

The Fragmented Tablets of Destiny

The Terrible Mother and the Twin Spirits

i

At the beginning,
chaotic darkness brooded over primeval waste waters.

Nor were the waters distributed into sea, lake, river, or stream…
but were all confined together in one vast bottomless abyss.

Infinite Time—the single pre-existing primeval being
from the fertile depths came as every living thing,
generating a "cosmic mountain" consisting of Heaven and Earth.

Him he lay down into the Sweet Waters under the Sacred Tree,
and her whom was wet opened to welcome her consort brother
and let him he so mount her as human beings and animals…
and neither wore naught else.

Thus, went up a mist from the plants watering the whole ground.

ii

Twin Spirits—those off-spring of the Terrible Mother
known were to be as one was 'good' and the other 'evil'
in thought and word and deed.

Between them the wise choose rightly—not so the fools.

And whence these "spirits" met, they established Life and Death.
so that in the end the followers of deceit
shouldst so meet with a worser existence (for their sin).

And whence the Holy Spirit so fashioned the stars in the heavens…
a three-headed dragon sprang into the sky, like a coiled snake striking—
and, in opposition to those luminaries formed planets…
whose baneful influence brought ruin into the Universal Realm.

And, concupiscent emerged the dæmoniac Horned Az—mother of all evil spirits,

Ripping the Womb open in order to usurp the kingdom of all the world.

All creatures were created with "free will"—Spiritual
Beings and mortal humankind, *both*.

The Destructive Spirit thence took foul pleasure
in choosing to do wrongful things that hurt—and, so! hurt all Life
in creating pain and death,
and leading the Vile Hosts of Heaven against the Spirit of the Holy One.

Thus were ruined God's plans for making a terrestrial paradise.

The Myth of Atar

i

The Dragon descended, raging from out of primal chaos to wreak and descry
havoc and rule… in so doing everything according to selfish pleasure.

Need and misery, hunger and thirst, old age… and death;
mourning and lamentation… and the intermingling of dæmons
wherewith the "sinless" Daughters of Men yet living free within the Lightlands,
whereof marshland was constantly changing as in black earth being created.

To thwart Horned Az—the moon, the Spirit Holy introduced frost of winter…
and the heat of summer… and all manner of diseases and ills.

Nothing changed for nine thousand years until the reign of the Magicians.

ii

Atar the Mediator, fiery god of prophetic revelation—
a celestial deity correct in faith and the adversary
of death, bestowing upon fireless beastmen, the secret of fire!
of the sky—night and day—a symbol of truth and righteousness—asha!

The Spirit Holy thence invited Atar to the "bull sacrifice"
and induced him consume the fermented "hoama juice" of the fruit
of Kiskanu—the Sacred Tree planted in the Sweet Waters.

Hence, Atar partook of the Elixer of Life.

Thence, Atar struggled with the three-headed Az… until it was by him chained

In a secret place, somewhere
above the mountain's height and beneath the heaven's depth.

The Lady of the Rib

i

The godlings lamented on how difficult it were for them to get food.

Ba'al ascended to their bequest and him fashioned all "dying life"
out of red clay; hence, so was born Gayomart—a Holy Creation
Living as a Spirit… alive for three thousand years
before assuming any corporeal form
until him became quick a handsome youth,
designed so to play the foremost part in destruction...

Whence the serpent beheld the righteous man… it swooned, slithering away
and coiled pouting… for three thousand years.

ii

Jeh the Accursed Whore coveted the man—and defiled she her
with rousing in heart and spitting in an destructive spirit to obtain her desire.

Thus, after a life lasting thirty years, Gayomart was poisoned
by Horned Az—at the instigation of Jeh.

And from his seed, which spilled out of him,
grew plantlike, both, the father and the mother of *all* humanity,
who forsook the Holy Spirit and in denial are damned to punishment
until the last moments of the final day…

It came soon to pass that the godlings grew weary with their mortal helpers,
and decided to annihilate the inhabitants of the planet earth.

iii

When people lived in a lawless manner like wild beasts,
Ba'al—the double-headed god was part man and part fish,
and as Lord of the House of the Sweet Water (under the ground),
instructed the humanity in handicrafts—like flint-knapping and making fire,
farming was learned… and the letters… and the law.

In time, art, architecture, solar magic—all—softened the rude primitive's heart…
and since this time nothing new that is more important has been added
to these teachings… the source of which Time forgot.

Master Ba'al clothed in a garment as in the form of a fish,
officiating rituals of purification an Alter of Incense—
symbolic of the cleansing power and lustration of the waters.

Appearing from the sea…
and, after a Day of Instruction, retired… again into the sea,
wherefrom the Divine Fish hath made only three other appearances.

iv

Master Ba'al lived with the Lady of the Rib in paradisiacal Dilmun.
It was a happy place where animals did not harm each other.

Neither was sickness nor old age known.
Sweet water… the only thing wanted… Ba'al provided.

Their union turned the island into a fruitful place…
until sad day a quarrel arose whence Master devoured eight sacred plants,
grown there by the Lady of the Rib [ ] and he was cursed with the Pain of Death,
as sickness attacked the eight different parts of his body:
from above, and from below; from the one side… and from the other;
from before him… and from behind… and from within, where rotted his insides.
But the worst pain came from within his mind.

All was hopeless… much to the dismay of the Elder Gods.

The goddess was made to heal… but was powerless to cure
her consorts afflictions… and, though alive, he went into the Grave Forgotten.

The Judges of the Dead

Inannat—the Lady of the Leopards preferred her shepherd lover
over another
consort… Yam the Irrigator.
Master Ba'al—the king of Kullab, was overcome by death
and banished to life on earth until the Springs of Fertility ran dry.

She descended from on high as a hostile, threatening force
fallen unto the Land Without Return to assert her own authority,
such that even Jeh the Whore blanched as she approached.

Adorned with all her finery, she descended.

Into the dark realm of her accursed enemy, Mistress Jeh—the Lady of Death—
into the dry and dusty darkness like an ocean of emptiness
beneath the roots of the bowl of earth containing the Sweet Water
from which all life emerged.

As she fell through each of Seven Portals,
layers of her garmented innocence were removed
by a ghastly escort of dæmons that appeared,
which she could not escape nor shake off…
and these refused depart her until she lay, naked
in the absence of being around the feet of the Seven Judges of the Dead.

After three days and nights of silence, motionless, she worried
and besought by words of heart in mind and on tongue begging aid
of those Dead Gods, which answered, saying nothing
and she knew nothing they could say or do would be said or done
against the decrees of the Mistress of Infertility.

Jeh cruelly commanded the body of the pale goddess turned whiter as a corpse,
and this she hanged upon a stake—a palladium
around which her dæmons serpentine in orgiastic mêlée reveled—
evolving into human sacrifice…

O Inannat persistently appealed to the Spirit Holy,
and two sexless beings were created to help her:
The Food of Life and the Water of Life…
for whom admission to the nether realm couldst not be refused—
and once access was had had access to the goddesses corpse,
where it hanged upon its stake—her breasts ripped and her womb torn,
and her flesh rent threadbare…
and these two sexless beings resurrected Inannat—the Lady of the Rib.

Mystery of the Sorcerer

Light preceded the Sun whence it rose and dispelled darkness
as so didst the two creator-preservers of the cosmic order dictate.

Mithra of wide pastures and worthy of veneration and reverence.
Mithra… from whose penetrating gaze nothing couldst be hidden.

Special protector of the Rathæshtar—the Riders on Chariots.
A terrible war-god, all-wise and all-knowing;

ruthless and merciless and relentless
in pursuit of those which hadst temerity to oppose him.
His weapons were deadly arrows, and a huge mace;
incurable diseases he commanded, and the boar Verethræghna,
sharp in tusk—an unapproachable raging beast.
He smashes the backbone—at one fell blow
he mashes together men in mud, bone to break, brick to make and bake
as holocausts in furnaces all those whom their contracts break.
All who are false of faith with the Wise Lord,
and all who choose the dishonesty of the Evil One.
Even his own devotees are awed by such limitless fury.

Mithra—evil you are yet most good to the nations.
Mithra—evil you are yet most good to men in the world.
You have power over peace and war.

Royal Yima's Golden Age

i

The Divine Fire, O the spark indwelling in the Daughters of Men was
in the fire temples…

Flame—burning perpetually—indicating His Presence:
Mithra—from whom was learned "how to sacrifice"
votive offerings… and burnt holocausts to the Spirit Divine,
for so to avert things of gloom and *of* evil.

Mithra—slayer of the primal bull—
continuing prosperity and fertility in the material world,
as well as continued life of the Soul in the spiritual realm.

ii

Sacrificing to gods other than the Holy Divine,
the first man and progenitor of the human species,
to please the people, gave them the flesh of 'an ox' to eat.

To Mithra—slayer of the primeval bovine, continued prosperity
and fertility in the here now world of near-and-far—also, continued life
in the fleshless realm of indefinite essence undefined and unconstrained to definition
in being yet after death of the flesh.

The price of this transgression was his own

"immortality"—and the immortality of all his descendants, evermore.

Thence the decision to destroy all life was made by the gods,
disturbed by the non-quietus cacophony of created mankind:
Ba'al was sent to the earth—a plague,
a drought, and a deluge …

The wicked people on the earth suffered destructive winters,
flashing hail, deluging rains and heavy snows.

iv

Ba'al thrice subjugated demonic humanity,
taking away their lands and riches and extending his own borders
for all cattle, great and small, men… and dogs… and birds…
and red-burning fires
devastating winds were authored to flood.

Only Atrahapsis—the ruler of Sippar, escaped… in a boat.

Royal Yima warned King Atrahapsis—the very wise one,
who saved himself in the ship, Preserver of Life,
which was built by instructions of the 'fish god,' and
the Seed of Man was granted the Breath of Eternal Life.

[ ]

Gather together the seed of all men and women
that are tallest and most beautiful;
gather together the seed of all kinds of animals
that are the finest on this earth;
gather together the seed of al the plants and fruits
that are the sweetest…
and in pairs bring them into your retreat.

But take with you nothing misshapen nor diseased,
nor any afflictions otherwise to be laid upon the world.

Return and refurbish the fresh-tilled soil of our old worn,
Washed away at the end of its time.

v

At last… two absolute rivals emerged

from amongst the ranks of *all* Heaven's Hosts—
and room was made for the ancient gods (to do battle)
at the end of the world's time,
whence Horned Az is destined to escape and destroy
a full third of all living upon the planet… before it is slain.

The Spirit Divine assisting…
the final victor in the Cosmic Struggle.

2050 St. John's Street, Regina (*downtown stroll*)

The Ivory Maiden; or, The Love of Pumiyathon and Galathea

Judah - What pledge should I give to you?
Tamar - Your signet seal and its cord, and the staff (phallus) in your hand.
Gen. 38:18

The signet was worn hanging by a cord from the neck and used as a seal.

The Ivory Maiden; or, The Love of Pumiyathon and Galathea

Soverchio

The Virgin archetype was a creative principle independent of man and had evolved out of primal instinct. Neolithic people recognized no relation between the sexual act and bearing children. The inner and outward experiences of women in early societies was characterized by exhibitionism and sexual license or promiscuity beginning before maturity, interrupted only by inception of menstruation and its cessation with pregnancy or menopause.

The Mother Goddess, in its primal phase, attributed extra-human, transpersonal powers to the feminine, matriarchal sphere. By the expulsion of the males, an incestuous relation between the Mother and the Daughter developed in the wild, primitive nature of the savage instinct-governed conscience.

The mystic birth of Aphrodite from an oyster shell, the mystic moon symbol of the prosperity of one generation rising out of the death of preceding generations—like the never-dying aromatic phoenix as equated to the golden-red rising and the setting of the sun.

Anadyomene, Goddess of Love (and Pleasure) is associated with water, the gentlest and strongest of all the elements - the element of the womb and the source of all life - and originates within the worship of the virgin union and childbirth. Human sacrifice of young girls, slain on alters with flint daggers, by craven images of the goddess, was perpetuated by self-emasculating priests in orgiastic cannibal rituals: (The invention of circumcision degenerated into ritual castration in honour of the goddess).

Whilest, in Babylon the Propoetides prostituted themselves... as every female was compelled to hie her to the steps of the temples of the Mylitta cult and burn bran for incense—thereby offering her to any male who decided to intercourse with her. On the island of Kupros (Cyprus), smelting of copper was discovered in the 4th millennium BC and, two thousand years later, writing of signs to represent symbols originated.

Pumiyathon, priest-king of Paphos—sacred cult-city of Aphrodite the Queen of Heaven - led his milk-white virgin Galathea, wearing gilded horns, to the Alter of the Three Flames.

The moon was full.

The Ivory Maiden; or, The Love of Pumiyathon and Galathea

The Copper Age

The Paphian Goddess,
dripping with precious balsam and fragrant cinnamon,
emerged from the sea on the sacred island of Kutherea.
Anadyomene, the goddess of the garden, born in Heaven's emasculation,
in all wetness foaming.

Anadyomene drove
young women to become prostitutes—the Propoetides.
These poor unfortunates, though, became petrified…
which led the priest-king Pumiyathon—a sculptor—to his celibacy.
He refused to marry,
pouring all his love into his work instead.

But meanwhile,
he made with marvelous art an ivory statue,
as white as snow and given far greater beauty than any girl could have.
And he fell in love with his own workmanship.

The image seemed
that of a virgin, truly almost living,
and willing - save that modesty prevented it take on breath and movement.
The best art, they say, is that which conceals art…
and so Pumiyathon marveled and loved the body he had fashioned.
He would often move his hands to test and touch it.
Could this be flesh—or was it ivory only?
Holding her... he believed his fingers almost left an imprint on her limbs
and feared to hurt her.

He spoke to her… paying her compliments and brought her presents:
bright winding shells, smooth pebbles, polished stone,
little birds and flowers of every colour, honeybees,
lilies and painted balls and lumps of amber…
presents such as young girls love.

Her fingers wore rings which he put on them,
and he brought her a pearl necklace and earrings
and a ribbon for her hair.

He dressed her modestly, though she was more lovely naked,

and nonetheless charming.

Anadyomene's holiday
came round and all the people of the island were holding festival,
and snow-white heifers with their horns all tipped in gold stood at the alters,
where incense burned and, timidly, Pumiyathon made offerings and prayed:
"If you can give all things, O goddess, O Giver of Life, Mother of Forms,
I pray my wife may be…"—and he almost said "my ivory girl" - but dared not!
"I pray my wife may be one like my ivory girl."

Wearing his crown,
Pumiyathon took part in the solemnities,
scepter in hand, a poppy stalk with a small acorn attached to its top...
and his daughter's hand.

Now women,
when they want to display their beauty to the full,
shed embroidered wraps and step out of dresses,
proudly revealing themselves...
the Girdle of Love clasped round their waist.

The Dove is laid upon a coverlet of Tyrian dyed cloth.
Her head upon a spiced pillow of softest feathers.

"Let me consecrate breath to my goddess—the Cow—
that the Mistress of the Herd give me my love as a gift.
Salutations to the goddess who dwells in all things.
A sacrifice of milk and melted butter for the Virgin.
Beauty is as essential to the soul as sweet water to the body."

As the flint dagger fell Anadyomene's kiss gave life to the Lady of the Lotus.

The Ivory Maiden; or, The Love of Pumiyathon and Galathea

Notes

The progenitor of the human race was rescued by a fish during a great flood and in gratitude made the ultimate sacrifice, self-emasculating himself and becoming a woman—thus was the invention of circumcision.

The Daughters of Ida exported worship of the Queen of the Bees from Kutherea to the island of Kupros. Temples to the Lady of the Sea and the "fish-god" Oannes - or Dagon - co-existed in Paphos in the beginning of the dynastic age of the barbarian priest-kings.

Potnia Theron, Queen of Wild Beasts and Goddess of the Hunt, and Anadyomene, the Lady of the Sea, were praised with a "honeyed" consecration of breath to the Horned Goddess. Pumiyathon begged Anadyomene to let him have sex with the "daedela"—the image of carved wood which he had gilded with gold, polished stone, bone and ivory - turned into a mortal woman... the eidolon of his virgin daughter Galathea, dressed in embroidered draperies and Tyrian cloth which was stained crimson as he sacrificed her upon the alter.

Sexual union is obviously implied in the "sacrifice of milk and melted butter." In Nordic mythology, the mead of skalds is "blood mixed with honey." The virgin union is thus praised by winged youth - puer alatus - or Cupiditas as "sour mead."

The sexual act is not yet connected to sexual love-play or the more profound experience of love.

. .

Dido's husband was murdered by her brother, Pygmalion, when he ascended to the throne of Tyre. She escaped from Phoenicia, though, with a small band of followers and settled the city of Carthage.

Aeneas led survivors away from Ilium after the Greeks razed it... and, in searching for a place to found a New Troy, found his way to Carthage. Dido soon fell in love with him but his destiny manifest and, burning the Carthaginian fleet in the harbour—so as not to be pursued—and went on to found Rome. Brokenhearted, Dido stabbed herself and leapt into the flames of a pyre.

The two cities—Rome and Carthage—became enemies. Eventually, Carthage was destroyed by Rome during the Punic Wars.

Synne Is Behovibl

An alter was erected in Athens with this inscription:
To the Unknown God [3]

The Phœnix

A small bird [4] so flew: first one direction,
then a second, then a third, & a fourth;
from above to below & all around,
identifying its Iness within
all … pervading the entire universe
with thoughts of benevolence, compassion,
joyous sympathy, equanimity.
Great & wide, deep & boundless, its heart grown,
purified of ill-will, found a Pearl [5]
& that put into its quiet nest. 6 Watching
it fluttering, trying to understand
with all its will & all its strength, the Jewel: [7]

One moment was enough in repaying
all the trials I have ever endured. [8]

[3] Æonia, the first emanation of 'the true' but *unknown god*, & also the begetter in thought of inspired visions, with the ability of seeing the eternity in all things, & thus '*the mother of all poetry*.'

[4] '*The Phœnix'* is described by Ovid *as* breathing out *its* last 'immolating' breath - odoriferous flames of fragrant frankincense, cinnamon, spikenard, & myrrh … & from *its smoldering flesh* emerges 'a worm,' which, when grown large, is transformed into 'a crimson & gold-coloured bird,' *by* Tasso *described as* a splendid "thing to gaze at." & the Angel [Ra'pha-El, in Milton, "*Paradise Lost*," V. 272.] *is* "gazed by all, as that sole Bird…" (descending to earth). "*Rosy-fingered* Dawn…" described by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, V. 2., *as* "Advancing, sow'd the Earth with Orient Pearl." (Refer to*, Hymn to Iaman* 26: "A fiery *rohk* wearing the uræus …")

[5] Moslems recourse to the Platonic androgynous *spherical man*, *who*, according to Lao Tzu, 'wearing coarse garments,' & given, (*by the King of the Sea*, (Psalms 29:3, 10.)) – a precious white pebble (Rev. 2:17.) – a Pearl, the primordial symbol of Heaven, & the conjunction of fire (or heated breath) & water identified as *the human* Soul, each B*lessed One* with *its Houri*, a d*ark-eyed damozel*, or 'genius in obscurity,' enclosed (within a sublime center), the seat of consciousness (intelligence)' having fallen away from Divine Totality & leading an *ungodly* existence, correlating 'the brain' with 'the (coiled) snake, or *Na'a,*' to whom our *first parents* owed their first independent action.

[6] Its own cradle; its parents' tomb … compared by Ovid as Heliopolis, called On – *the Golden City of the Sun*, & by Milton as the neighboring Egyptian city of Thebes. Cf. Augustine's *Golden City of God… Heaven*, *as in* Pearl 923-4: "Unmatched you are beneath the moon; your house should be without a spot."

[7] Pearl, 12, 24, 36, 48, 60 … "a precious Pearl without a spot." Cf. "May the record of your life be as pure & spotless." [Apron Lecture, The Blue Lodge Ceremony, Masonic Monitor (Craft Ritual Manual).]

[8] Dante, "*Purgatorio*" I. 22-66. An Old Man: "Who are you that have fled from the eternal prison against the dark stream?" *Also see,* "*Purgatorio*" I. 94–136. Cato: "Go then, & see… & that thou bathe [his] face so that all filth [from Hell] may be removed from it."

in Service of m'Lady

Synne Is Behovibl

Part the First

i

I forgot all concerning the Pearl that lies in the Sea
hard by the loud-breathing Serpent,
& became a slave… sinking down into a deep sleep.

ii

O what venerable & reverend Creatures!
Immortal Cherubim! Sparkling Angels… & maids:
strange seraphic pieces of Life & Beauty.
Hyssops of Humility… set on Fire by Charity.

I admire the Perfection of Thy Fruitive Love,
so Divine & Perfect a thing. An Ecstasy,
always… I enjoy the sight & company of you Darlings,
& pass my whole Time in Contemplation
of your Beauty.

Clothe Thyself with the Garment of Nothingness
& drink of the Cup of Annihilation.
Cover Thy Breast with a nirvana abeyant
& draw over Thy Head the Glorious Robe of Non-existence;
the Splendid Tyrian Mantle of Sparkling Colours.

iii

A thought is like the stream of a River,
without any Staying Power,
as soon as it is produced… it breaks up & disappears.
Like fire.
Like lightning.
Like the Sea boiling with life… itself
flowing in your veins, away from a single source,
not like One particular Breath or Warmth,
but as if it were a Single Quality

containing in itself & preserving All Qualities,
sweet taste & Smell & the quality of wine
with all other flavours, visions of colours
& all that touch perceiveth,
all, *too*, that hearing hears, all tunes & every rhythm;
a perpetually flowing quiddity pouring out
into the World of mundane Matter, Multiplicity, & Time,
till you are clothed with the Heavens
& Crowned with the Stars:
& the Stars are your Jewels
to put on & wear as an adornment,
like Images… Traces… Shadows… which hurry away
to that which they image… like a Beautiful Reflection
invested on Water.

iv

If Love be the Weight of the Soul & its object
the center, an Innocent malefactor,
yet greatest in the World,
the Root of Comforts & the Fountain of Celestial Joys,
supreme & sovereign spectacle in the Worlds,
a Well of Life in which we see The Face Of Heaven above:
the World is a mirror of Infinite Beauty,
a Temple of Majesty… girt round with the Wall of Paradise,
the Door whereof is guarded
by the most Proud Angel of Reason
& unless vanquished, The Way will not lie open.
A region of Light & Peace.
A Paradise
where pure, absolute & immutable,
the Mystery of Mysteries,
most Incomprehensible, most Luminous, most Exalted,
the place of Angels & The Gate Of Heaven,
the Great Gate of Charity is wide open
with no obstruction whatever before it.

The inexpressible, inconceivable Beauty of All,
which stays within The Holy Sanctuary
& does not come out where the Profane may see it.

It filled me with a Rapture…
an Ecstasy... an Inflatus.

I asked the Heavens, sun & moon & stars,

& I replied unto all the things which encompass
the Door to my Flesh,
veiled in the dazzling obscurity of the Secret Silence,
outshining all Brilliance
with the intensity of its Darkness,
& surcharging Blinded Intellect
with utterably, impalpable & invisible Fairness
of Glories surpassing Pulchritude.

v

Sempiternity was manifest
in the Seed of the Lucid Light of the Day
& Shineth Radiance of the Omnific Darkness,
& the Darkness overpowers it not… with much ado
I was corrupted & made to learn
the dirty devices of this World, which I now unlearn:
the two Loves that Rule Masterfully in The Pnuema:
Eros, the Love of the Heart... & Agape,
Ecstatic Love.
Passion perfected in Love, a Divine Intoxicant.

& from the discovery & conviction of my Secret Faults,
I came to wonder at the Depth of Wisdom;
I came to bear witness of that Light & I perceived
in some measure that The Logos was made Flesh:
full of Grace & Truth,
this excellent Beauty,
& I was filled with awe.

& suddenly, forth flashed
a Winged Harbinger of Flame,
a fulgurous scintillation, A Tongue of Fire, saying:
See the Fount from which you flow & seeing
lose yourself therein!

vi

My Torrid Heart was dusty, parched
for want of the rains of deep Feelings;
my mind was arid & dry.

Too late I loved Thee, O Thou Beauty of Ancient Days.
Yet ever now!

Too late I loved Thee. & Behold,
Thou Wert Within & I abroad.
& there I searched for Thee:
Thou Wert With me, but I was not with Thee.

& I came to wonder.

Part the Second

i

I sought a Soul in the Sea & found a Coral there;
Beneath the Foam for me, an Ocean was all laid bare.
Into my Heart's Night, along a narrow way
I groped; & lo! Light… an Illimitable Land of Day.

In to Verdant Fields,
the Life Giving Erbere of the World,
that every Bough & Fruit might show forth
Her various Perfections… along The Path
to Death I move.

A Wisp of Smoke to Heaven we raise:
The Wayless Way in which all Lovers lose themselves.

The Loved One's rose-parterre I went to see,
That Beauty's Torch espied me, & quoth,
when She Loves… She Does So with Her Will.
She Works with Her Powers & not Her Essence,
brought into play through Her Eyes
& of that Inward Glow so Bright.

Wherever Beauty shone in Rosy Cheek,
Love lit her Torch from that Flame.

Wherever Beauty dwelt in Fruitive Tresses,
she came & found a Heart entangled within those coils.

What profits Rosy Cheeks, forms full of Grace,
& ringlets clustering round a Lovely Face?

Garden & Mead are in Radiance dight
& dewine the Rose adorns in Lustre Bright.

ii

Thou Hast Stricken my Heart, & I Loved Thee.
Not Elegance of Bodies, not Fair Harmony of Time,
not Brightness of Light, so Gladsome to Our Eyes,
Incomprehensible Light, through Simple Nudity which enfolds,
& vehement yearnings & plaits of Love adorned
with all good things, I find myself, & feel myself,
to be the same Light by which I see, & nothing else.
& it brings about a Divine Fruition
in the Abyss of the Ineffable.

Nor sweet Melodies of varied Songs,
Nor the Fragrant Smell of Flowers, & Ointments, & Spices;
not Manna & Honey,
not Limbs acceptable to Embracements of Flesh.

iii

& here there is Death in Fruition,
& a melting & moribundity into the Essential Nudity
where lapse all the Living Images
Reflected in the Mirror of Divine Truth,
clothed with Heaven's entering in
to an Estate of Peace & Delight
& Sweetness of Love, passing in
to my Inmost Parts;
only by movement of my Heart did I recognize Her Presence,
& by the Flight of all Vices from me,
& by the suppression of all Carnal Desires,
I pass Beyond Power of my Nature,
Beyond Quickening & Extending,
rising by degrees… I come to the Fields
& Spacious Palaces of my Memory,
where are the Treasures of Innumerable Images.

I recalled the Mystery & Beauty of the flesh.
I was rapt & carried away
full of aspiration, steeped to the Honeyed Lips of my Soul
in so strong a Desire of Glorious Felicity
that I know by the Strength & Vehemence of Desires.
Infinitely Delightful, so August & Insatiable,
the deep longings of Her Aspirations.
Her Loving Fervour.

Her confident anticipation cannot vie
in Sweetness with the Honey,
in Gentleness with the pasche lambe,
in Whiteness with the Lily,
a very fair flower is the Lily,
clarity with the Sun… it is impossible
that a Soul should Love thus & not be Beloved.

iv

The Soul longs to pour out Words of Praise,
but it is Sweet Unrest, & cannot contain itself.
Already the Flowers are opening, & Beginning
to give off Scent… Bliss & Comfort to the Soul
that the Soul would never willingly abandon.

Thou Breathest Odours & I drew in Breath
& Pant for Thee.
I tasted…
& Hunger & Thirst.
Thou Touchest me… & I Burned for Thy Peace,
Thy Heat, Sweetness, & Song.

If we do not quench this Jubilatio
through our own fault it begins to incense
a Great Inferno which throws out Flames of the Mighty Love,
& endows the quintessence of The Perfect.

With Thee, my Flame, I Burn.
Without Thee, die.

How fairest Thou without me, O my whole?

v

The Soul leaps out of Iself like a Burning Fire
that has Become One Whole Flame & increases
with great force… the flame leaps
very high above the Fire.

The Soul goes forth to deprive Itself of Desire,
& by Denial & Deprivation that is Faith,
in order that It may come within Quintessence.

Part the Third

i

I turned to the Blue Heaven gazing
into its depth, inhaling its exquisite colour & sweetness;
the rich blue of the unattainable flower of the sky
in Ecstasy. She Desires… the Seed,
the Transcending Substance
generated from The One, the Source.
She Thirsts for Inward Dulcitude that inebriates
the mind… feeling Sweeter than Honey
enters into Her Immanence
& inebriates Her with Its Sweetness, so
that She Has Honey & Milk on Her Tongue & Her Lips
distil the Honeycomb:
a memorial of Abundant Ambrosia, for the Mouth
that speaketh out of Abundance of the Heart.

Love alone sets Free & afflictions
Liberated from Enslavement to anything
of a Nature Inferior… hidden Manna,
not lost or asleep, the Will alone is occupied
in such a way that it is a Prisoner, a slave
to Ever Free (of Desire) since it knows how
to Surrender to One whom it Loves.

How Precious Your Love is
as to leave No Liberty to Love any but You!

Is there anything more to be Desired than Charity?
Charity which makes Thee, O Soul,
no longer content with Human Tutelage.

ii

It is an Embrace… the Awakening of Faith,
ultimate Purity & Unity, a wholeness which Caresses
everything that is Uncreated & Eternal. Emptiness is
a Fullness. The Soul Loves & knows not else.

Bewildered & Intoxicated with Love.

Unutterable Delight in the Enjoyment of its Agony

which seems, to me, like Nothing Else
but an almost Complete Death
to all the things of this World.

& in Slaying, Thou Hast Changed Death into Life.
& Death is absorbed in Victory.

iii

A Naughted Psyche whose Self & whose activity
have been brought to Naught by means of Grace.

Celestial Joys transform the Soul & make it Heavenly,
a throne of Repose & Perfect Rest.

Spiritual Sleep of the Soul
into the Bosom of its Beloved
comprises enjoyment of All to the Calm & Rest & Quietus
of the Peaceful Night… as Passing Away from the Iness
& coming to an End in the Dark Silence
whereof All Lovers lose themselves,
coalesced, shriveled up & Buried in a Grave
that does not Love… Noetic Being.

iv

Honour & Glory must be renounced & completely rejected
for Love in this Life hast No Other Pleasure, nor Desire.

All the ability of my Blood & Flesh is moved through Love.
All that I do… I do through Love.
All that I suffer… I suffer for Love's Sake.

Without love Fear hath Torment & Honour hath no Grace.

Honour & Glory seasoned with the Honey of Love.

Manifestation, Reflection, the Garment of Inner Perfection,
Imperishable & Unchangeable in its Essential Doxa;
Perfect Felicity above all Glory
forth-spreading by the same Grace of Might,
of length & breadth & height & Deepness without End.

& all is One Love.

& in this Love Our Life is Everlasting.

Part the Fourth

i

The Night is Nothing
other than a complete withdrawal of the Soul
from Earthly Things by an Intense Desire to Love.

In Darkness Enwrapped & Falling… as One
Who has lost The Way.

ii

Rising in the Morning
dispels the Nigrescence of the Night & Reveals
the Lustre of Day & the Fruitive Love
& the Fruitive Possession,
more than the Striving, Dynamic Love
& the partial, conditional possession.

Even so this Euphoria that is Tranquil & Quiet
raised from the Darkness in the midst of Tranquility;
& in the Silence of the Night
there was Spoken
in me an Idea of Ideas, a Secret Logos,
in the Purest Part of my Soul, in the Noblest Ousia,
in that very Essence… I heard a Harmony
of Sublimest Music surpassing all Melodies.
& that Eurthymy(c sound) was Silent,
a most sounding Solitude sonorously received in The Pnuema.
The Spiritual Sound of Excellence.
The Central Silence of Pure Peace & Abode of Heavenly Birth,
the Arena of The Vital Breath, that Lotus Land of Purity.

iii

The Fertile Ground of Piety is Love,
& the working of Mercy is our keeping in Love.

Empathy is a Sweet Gracious working in Love,
Mingled with Plenteous Pity & made Perfect in its weakness,

for Ruth worketh turning to us All Things to Good.

iv

I It Am, the Might & the Goodness,
Light & Grace that is All Blessed Love.
I Am that maketh Thee to Love:
I Am that maketh Thee to long:
I It Am, the endless fulfilling of All True Desires.
I It Am, a New Vicification of Thy Presence
that is to raise Thee out of the Darkness of Expiration
into the Light of Life & Give Thee Power to Become:
I It Am… Bruiser of the Serpent
resisting the Evil of Fallen Nature,
& so Perfectly Hating the able Corruption of Souls
to rather Suffer the Flames of Hell, wherein Nothing Burns
but Self-Will (which when put off there is No Will)
than Willingly be Guilty of the Error
of Never Dying in Love.

v

I found the Mirror & kept it Bright,
Clean from the Corruption of the Flesh & Worldly Vanity.
I mortified the Concupiscence of the Flesh
& the Concupiscence of the Eyes
& the Pride of Life. & Blind, Beholding
unto the Naked Being
wretchedness with Sorrow & Contrition.

All the Being & Power & Virtue of the Soul:
A crystal clear & Pure Pearl!

Part the Fifth

Now Mark: when the Creature claimeth … the Creature
Goeth astray & the Creature falleth into Descent
Through Desire & through Love
Into Abysmal, Uncomprehendable Emanation
& Penetrates it in a Way that is Wayless.
& in the Fruitive Inclination of The Spirit, vanquishes.

Make haste & come down:

Awaken then, O thou that Sleepest,
Who from All Eternity has been Espoused to Thy Soul:
The Sun of Righteousness will Rise & Illuminate
Minds to Ma'at & Enkindle their affections
with Burning Love
aglow with Wondrous Lustre.

Shut your eyes & change to & wake 'another Way of Seeing.'
Begin to Search for this Pearl,
The Secret of the Sea, uttering
Thunderously, like a Spent Cloud,
a thick Cloud of Unknowing, of Forgetting,
on the Shore: Turn to Thy Heart & Thy Heart shall find!

Take it & kiss it… wear it as an Adornment, a Diadem.

Remembering Thy Lip, the Ruby Red, I Kiss.

opus et operatio

Angels Guiding *Glory* *Phantasmies Pursuing*

Calgary Hiatus, ca. 2001

Alas! the most despicable man is coming:
he who can no longer despise himself.
Behold! I show you the last man.

What is Love? what is Creation? what is *longing*?
What is the Star? – *thus asks the last man & blinks.*
NIETZSCHE, *Also sprach Zarathustra*

"Maktub: Is It Written"

(*… of the poems by Sir Lawrence of Arabia.*)

He is only dangerous who dreams by day.

BUT I was born on the wrong side of the bed, which made me
Prince of Nothing, & I fell off the edge of it into Hell.

I carved you naked in limestone *but* your nakedness only made you
more secret & inviolable than before:
for a while I thought the stone would contain you,
but nothing contained you,
not even the bold, bright clothes you wore …

… a visitor, not a citizen of the world.
Blood was blood; it was always red, only growing darker when it staled.
Imagine, I could never bear to be touched *by anybody*;
I considered myself a sort of flamboyant monk, awfully intact,
yet colourful.

Inviolable is the word.

But everything is shameful:
Intimacy is shameful *unless its perfect. I know that.*
I can clothe myself in silk & chain-mail,
& I am naked; everything shows through
& no one can see me.

The Arabs say *that* when you pray, two Angels[9] stand
on either side of you, recording good & bad deeds,
& you should acknowledge them.

[9] Everybody is protected by *four hafaza*, two to watch over them by the day & two during the night … protecting people - most at risk *from Djinn* at sun-rise & sun-set (dusk & dawn) since, at those times *the Hafaza* are changing.

S'al-a'mn
S'al-a'mn
S'al-a'mn

(On) A Cold, Rainy Night

I picked a poesie for cultural icon, Betty Page… Queen of the Pin-Ups

A beautiful young brunette in leather
and lace and leopard-skin—flashing her eyes,
her smile—titillating with nubile charms;
a playful minx, she modeled in the nude…
and, although risqué, her posing was square;
the small-town girl out on her own was O.K.

But, she play victim to an awful hoax,
when an evil pig extorted from her…
fixing her pure face to obscene photos!

It cost her life savings to set her free
from the villain who destroyed her career—
yet whence she turned and walked away from 'unlife'…
found redemption in a skid-row mission
under a neon cross which lit up the darke.

Betty lived happily to a ripe old age.

Salvation Army (*2nd floor compartment*)
525 Johnson Street, Victoria

Erika

A clerk in a coffee shoppe

You might find faces more beautiful, but
I doubt you'd find any more attractive.

She's the perfume of spring—a fresh bouquet
of wild roses and pearly lilies:
with a light step and bearing proud
and queenly carriage of head and shoulders,
noble and majestic posture, so poised;
countenance and gaiety, not compromised
with frivolity… her stubborn will,
silk hair tosses o'er a pure oval face.

Her lower lip, full of disdain, charming—
her smile, her dazzling eyes—not insipid…

. . .

Domestic happiness, in trust consists,
in care as passionate love soon disappears!

Salvation Army (*2nd floor compartment*)
525 Johnson Street, Victoria
330 St. Lawrence St., Mayhew Studio

Who told you that you were Naked?
Gen 3:11.[10]

On The Dignity of the Touched Chin [11]

(An Allegory)

The Kiss … both penetrating & consuming.

In the Groom's absence, the Bride was faithful
in good works: for the purpose of comforting the distressed Virgin *by his presence,*
because in *his absence* she'd been faithful
in good works… *he returns* with an even richer reward of Grace—
The Bread of Heaven.[12]

The Groom, a stone cut out of a mountain *without hands*—a virgin born of a virgin,
rapt in the *corporeal* wonder of God's Assumed *Human* Form, mortal flesh
subject to fecundity & morbidity… lovers in a lectulus on *the Bride's couch*.

As she lies back he cushions her head into his left arm,[13]
his right arm embracing her, & holding her body fast,[14]
to cherish her at his tender bosom
that she may relax & sleep on his breast …

. . .

Love makes the cheek & chin a sphere to dance & play in,[15]
& the charm of a gesture, clasping *of* a woman's chin, a token
so childlike, playful, affectionate…

… facts only become important if they alter the course of history.[16]

---

[10] Darwin was certain *that* associated animals have a feeling of love for each other, *which is* not felt by non-social *adult* animals.

[11] … *das Umfangen des Kinns*, the clasping of a woman's chin: Christ's *expression* HOSANNA for HIS Beloved Bride, the Human Soul. Cf. the *breath*, or *pnuema*, *as* with*in* 'the Word' (JOHN 1:1) & the *psyche*.

[12] *pan de cielo* … St. Bernard, 51st Sermon, "*Song of Songs*," LI(51),5. *See,* Anchor Bible, p.384.

[13] *SONG* 2:6; 8:3.

[14] … an embrace of the flesh & the passions held fast: *læra eius coitus*.

[15] Robert Herrick (before the mid-17th cent.) … since *then* the caress of the chin has suffered gradual debasement.

[16] Cf. *sketch*, Titian, "*Sacred & Profane Love*," c.1515.

Come... Beloved, let us wine together.

Nudus Sequi Nadum

(Franciscan slogan: "*Naked to follow the naked.*")

Carnal, animal and sensual, we could not know love
or imitate anything that was not proportionate or similar to ourselves.[17]
Feeling disobedience ***in locus genitalibus*** [18] we turned away from contemplation and sinned,
seeking in Creation and sensible things to worship nature, and demons, and defunct heroes and ancestors. [19]
Our primal guiltlessness was disgraced by "A Garment of Misery"
and shame entered the world through transgression;
an infection of lust of the flesh, and of the eyes, [20]
and of the amour-propre [21] which is the "pride of life."
And corruption in us penetrated every part of our bodies:
we could no longer imitate Divine Power,
or behold Divine Light, or love Divine Goodness.

Although deprived of immortality for our sin,
we were not destroyed...[22] unconquered,
left with nuptial weapons to fight with death labouring
through the itch of the flesh, the heat of passion,
and the stench of lust, whence the seed conceives...
fouled, smirched, morally and physically corrupted—
and the soul infused into it inherits the guilt,
the Guerdon of hubris [23] - humanis partibus absolvissent— [24]
in the dying of each [25] and warring against the Pnuema.[26]

When the Mystery of the Eternal, incarnate Word,
which sin could not defile nor death retain, became
mortal and sexual... in order that those who supposed
Omnificence was in incorporeal things
might understand and know and love... and imitate.
True human flesh and form [27] made more perfect

---

[17] St. Athanasius (295-373).
[18] *in locus genitalibus* - "in the gentile parts."
[19] St. Bonaventure, "*Breviloquium*, IV.5": Three kinds of idolatry.
[20] St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo: "Three temptations."
[21] *amour-propre* - "self-love."
[22] Venerable Bede
[23] Hybris or hubris - equated to "Original Sin."
[24] *humanis partibus absolvissent* - "laid bare or set free."
[25] Allegorically - the orgasm.
[26] Pnuema is equated to "the Word," or "Sophia (as in philosophy)," or "the Spirit, or personal consciousness," as in "Psyche" - stressing the feminine anima and signifying the lower animal soul as opposed to animus, traditionally reserved for the rational soul.

because more pure— [28] like us in respects, apart from sin,[29]
dependant on the nourishment of mother's milk
and sexual capability (entirely incorrupt in virginality) [30]
being a virgin shoot from a virgin womb— [31] ***sane nuditas***:[32]
born of Free Will to Power and quick becoming in the flesh with nothing...[33]
shamelessly entering the world through transgression,
an odium suffering the infirmity of a heavy burden
and subject to mortality and fecundity. Despoiled [34]
of our garments in the victory over concupiscence,
(which intrudes where it is not needed and agitates the heart
with importune and nefarious desires [35] at work in the body,
fighting against that which the mind approves).

O how sweet the delights, how everlasting
the comforts, constant and unalloyed, wherewith we solace
our souls; triumphant over both the flesh of sin and death
of mortality—***pedes in terra, caput in coelo***— [36] our sexuality vanquished
in a chastity this world has not the like,
and of which may avail recovery from swoon and knowing naught endures.
We have no regrets for anything we have said;
it is all supported by truth,
unquestioned and absolute...[37] ***amplissimum fortitudinas testimonium***.[38]

The devils strength is in his loins.[39]

***Consummatum est*!** [40]

2001
330 St. Lawrence St., Mayhew Studio

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[27] *verum carnum humanum*
[28] "made... pure": Tertullian.
[29] *totus in suis, totus in nostris* - Tome of Pope Leo the Great. Cf. Heb. 4:15 - "For we do not have a high priest who is unable to emphasize with our weakness, but we have one who has been tempted in every way, just as we are - yet he did not sin."
[30] St. Methodius
[31] *virgo virga virgine generatus* - St. Bernard / St. Jerome.
[32] Blameless nudity.
[33] Job 1:21.
[34] Cf. Col. 2:11 - In him you were also circumcised with a circumcision not performed by human hands. Your whole self ruled by the flesh was put off when you were circumcised with Christ.
[35] St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo
[36] "Feet/genitals on earth, head in heaven."
[37] St. Bernard - closing sermon on "*Song of Songs*."
[38] "Greatest testimony of fortitude." Pharaoh Sesostris - Ihp - equated the phallus as a "*signum victoriæ*" - a sign prevailing over mortality.
[39] St. Jerome
[40] Cf. John 19:30 - "When he had received the drink, Jesus said, It is finished. With that, he bowed his head and gave up his spirit."

One love is all.

Anathema Maran-Atha

My heart, cursed with continual sorrow
without ceasing, as time so commendeth,
according to the hunger of my flesh:
O voluntary of will, a ram without blemish
offered and burnt 'pon tabernacle stone
by the suffering servant, led in weakness, woe,
to eat the bread and drink the wine of sacrifice
and partake at the alter...
Patient are the hopes
of all those dead in sin and hearing of love
and faith, finding life quickening, by grace
reconciled together in remembrance
of the martyrs, saints, Angels, and the Man of Sorrows

Remember Me

2001
330 St. Lawrence St., Mayhew Studio

Ode for a Gypsy Girl

For Kendra

Princess, an autumn mist doest gently moist
the blue-grey dawn this chilly morn, and I,
alone within the Garden, deep, dark, secret,
recall brief moments shared with you and sigh.

Crystal droplets 'pon branches glistening
midst berry clusters, black and red and white,
as green leaf, brown and yellow paling,
also remembering, O, sun's warmth and delight:

Wet and heavy now like sobbing tears
falling down into the cold earth's embrace,
to lay forgotten o'er all coming years
by those limbs their buds didst once peaceful grace.

So ist thy memory to me, Kendra…
life and health and prosperity always!

21 Sept. 2001
330 St. Lawrence St., Mayhew Studio
Rm. 205 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

A Hymn of Thanksgiving

I give you thanks, O Lord, and praise,
for You Helped me when no one else would
and saved me in the greatness of Your Mercy
from the many troubles I have known, and
from the glaring hatred of enemies
who wanted to put an end to my life.

I was once brought face-to-face with death, and
then remembered how Merciful You Are,
that You Rescue those who rely on You
and save them from enemies who surround:
from here on earth I prayed for protection,
I was helpless and You Answered my prayer.

You Saved me from the threat of destruction…
and, so, I sing this Hymn of Thanksgiving.

Mon. 24 Sept. 2001
330 St. Lawrence St., Mayhew Studio
Rm. 205 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

An apple tree appeared to me,
on it two pretty apples gleamed,
they beckoned me, I climbed the tree.
Goethe, Faust, Walpurgis Night 4130-32

The Strangest Dream

Another sonnet for Sizer

A pillar of cloud in highest heaven,
I walked around the circle of the sky
alone, through the ocean beneath the earth,
looking everywhere for a place to root:

Your memory is sweeter than honey,
O, a grapevine which puts out lovely shoots…
and blossoms, giving rich, glorious fruit:

Thy breath, a spicy pleasance of incense:
Fragrant roses by a sea of perfume:
A river sparkling like the rising sun,
a canal brimming o'er at harvest time…
the mother of beautiful love and hope
watering the orchards and flower beds
with thy profound, and deepest empathy.

In Praise of Wisdom (Sirach 24)

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

The Queen and attendants all praise her.
Song of Songs 7:9

Unfinished

O honeyed flame, wound me with your beauty,
surge o'er me: I whom long for your comfort,
my one desire—tis for ye swe'ench;
my soul, athirst, doest pant innocently
suffering, bursting forth. Praise I offer
from myne very depth—Joyously. Beloved,
come into me. Make your home in my heart
and I, thy comfort! Do not forsake me…
Now smitten with some consuming longing…:
Grant me to love you and to rest in you.

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

Incense to My Ear

For Shauna, a Tweenkie Tweenie who followed Kendra downtown

Your voice is the music of the world.
Angels rejoice and dance upon thyne tongue,
frolickin' in—mist-bedewed ambrosia:
Your breath! And, those words thou doest grace to swaire.

Fairest faye! How canst I naught but love thee?
How can flesh bethink Iself Alive
whilest damozel dear dires maiden distress?

My duty is to give you what you desire.
O, but desireth! Doest pant fiery bequest?
Winds sighing… harmoniously, myne heart's song:

Your creamy-white complexion, without blemish;
thine soft locks—jet and swan-sheen; and rose petals
for lips (that pout and smile and give words life).

Please accompany me to the ballet.

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

Whyves

Though I avoided… our paths didst cross:
And now, pearl maiden… of ye, do'sth I dream.
And for the world to cease, O, in spinning
that for moment's eternal-together,
we might descend out of this flame called US—
and more than naked… bare of mortal flesh,
ye and I embracing in our soul's kiss:
Ye and I, our lustyng bodies – forgot.

But, tis only my mortoil phantasmy…
and, ye and I, two-made-one will ne'er come:
e'en in a pause of moment's torrid passing:
and each, t'other, slo'en mouth's hot-honeyed breath
Fate hast destined "time-stolen memories"
be each, the other, before a kiss—forgath.

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

Goodnight

Sexy, sinny-eyed damp-bedewed oaths,
misty sighs 'weltering, sultrily, moa'ng:
O selfish desire's slusty pantcies—
fermented illusions; hot-honeyed breath
slathering tongue's quick slake, sulky, wanton?
Loin's electr'static cream-churned angst, heart-throb…
swoo'ng primordial fury; orgasmic
goo-wette'ng slime spewing quavering cheeks—
as fiery puddleth pearly coalescence.

Mouths *that* suckle luscious pleasure-stained skin;
wisp, torrid, seductively sordid; lies—
promises lost 'twixt folds of scum-soaked sheets:
In the morning forgotten by lovers
whose lips part… for ever… slavourin' a kiss…

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

There are ghosts that haunt one in company.
And those that haunt one in solitude.
Kafka

Paramour

Guilty of Lewdness, we fall into shame.
In rancour and injustice—we are cast
into a dreadfully intimate FIRE:
Our skins roast through and change into new flesh:
New flesh—fiery, furious, lusty…

O take ye and eat, 'flesh of new flesh,'
hot-honeyed "yes" erupting gooey Feu de Joie.

I have always wanted to kiss your mouth:
Tongue slathering kisses to stain ye lips,
fœtid branding betwixt, searing deeper;
softness growing softer… wetness inundating.

To temptation succumb: not restraining hands.

There is no blame… in reconciliation.

(Secrecy is permissible – refuge.)

"Quant à tes fleurs sodrière inflâme"
("In spite of you and your flowers")
Bizet, Carmen

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

"Le par-fum en est fort et la fleur est jo-li-e: et la fem-me…
But its fragrance is sweet and the flower is lovely: And the girl…"
Bizet, *Carmen*

Pretty Polly Perfume

O dreamt me of her sweetness again.
And pray to dream of her sweetness again.
No living flesh-and-blood dur'st flame so hot,
as her full-pouty lips' blameless kiss—
now heart's desire inflames to touch her mouth—
lustyng tongue's wont to penetrate its shame:
Yea yearns and scorches honey-sweet—soul's pain:
Wet kissy-lips, slackening sucks embrace:
How canst I forget creamy cheeks peach-flush?
Breath's scented flavour? Mouth's froth… dross-drips rake!
Volcanic smutz 'pon myne slusty scuz-lippen
"Why?" (Kiss remains? – A virgin stain…
complains dusky taste… and tastes again… 'roke.)

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

Dovely's Slusty Glost

For a clerk in a grocery store

Th'ast churnt heart's bleating into butterflies:
Fluttery pulses—sech desire, dear Dove,
hidden thought's secret fancy cries: "O I die!"
I die… and you don't e'en know I lived.
And Hurt's deep wont's cruel scorches—for yine kiss;
Pain's soul; spirit's despair… I breathe: "But, why?"

Smitten me be—and ye smote so sore. Hell!
No ancient craft forged yine fiery pancy,
as didst what made thyne wicked-damning coo-eye:

Bloody heartache's trust
Slathering tongue's must
Freckled cheeks' flush—blushed
Spews volcanic schmutz…

And why?—But I so lust for soft lip's touch!
To kiss—you leopard spotted demoness.

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

For Two Special Ladies

We love you—each, just as much one t'other;
both—the "yes" and "no" —of life's joy so full.

But, alas! One's fully better as two;
feint of feeling and heartbeats moral strife.

You are beautiful. Birds of a feather,
sech lovely sisters—charming, delightful:
and shouldst I say she, I mean together—one.

And in creeps time—the loneliness of life.

We, now here, sharing moments bliss passing;
two sweet honeybees—a flower's fragrance,
Pleasance heavenward bounden—such is our love…

Eyes touching—blossoms fiery fluttering
Dewy glances—your sweet smile's romance
Paling memory…thus, we love ye… love we…

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

B.C. Premiere Gordon Campbell blames the Mayor of Vancouver for the tent cities of impoverished and displaced souls in the city's slums.

Concentration Cramps

Now that I am dying—and sorrowful afraid…
corruptible meat myne writhes cramps terrible;
heartless doctors mercilessly poisoned me,
causing horrific suffering: Them I hate!
May they burn in hell—for hypocrisy!

Never before have I so feared… death's end:
Damned bastards, they've "blanketed me with worms" —
E'en my fingertips herniated. It frightens me;
living-death radiating—burns away life's fluidity;
fire blazes myne every nerve—and gland – painfully.

I watch those alive, now, jealous struggling,
unaware of real and certain mortality;
and, truly, how immediate their need be;
for me—I am already dead—yet live,
but not alone—for Hell hast over-flowed
all its' lost souls—with nowhere else to go,
but back into 'our living grave' *of* Life!

Oct. 11th
Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

Gauntlet

Heavy-footed speed junkies and crack fiends,
stomp, stomp, stomp a heartless pound, pound, pounding,
like savages beat, beat, beating madness' drum:
and my mind races—pulling screaming nerves taut,
as my thoughts decay—every stampy thump
banging down shut the nails of this coffin…
goaling me—alive—in this living grave,
for ever: And lost moments, like the wind,
blow, blow, blowing in through the closed window
(which looks out unto the wall beyond it):
Sanity slowly, surely, slips away.

The freedom of this place, wondereth me,
of the promise of an angry becoming…
as sickly laughter heralds… beyond the door.

Oct. 12th
Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

On My Radio-active Treatment

Rewritten

Now that I It Am dying—for Lardball killed me
(with a radioactive vial and papers
covered with too much small print to quick read…
and, like a fool, I signed on dotted line.

I see, now, the sorry death-wound he gave me,
but, then, I was blind in my dumb trusting:
My past moments are gathering, like dust,
and in the winds of change are blown away.

I can plainly see he cared more for money
than reaching out to comfort agony;
choosing, instead, to pretend me soon dead:
already forgat *he*… me buried alive
in the cold grave of infamy and hate:
"Hate – for what else could cause you to care less?"

I am being covered by a screaming blanket of worms.

Moral

Trust ye neither family physician nor witch-doctor…

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

The Dying Memory

For Steven [RIP]

Rewritten

My pain hast ceased for the nonce, but still hurts—
Hurts still—and my screaming blanket of worms
is a dull-harmonious gentle hum:
Why live? Because it's hard to die—I've tried!

Who cares to fear being covered under
a screaming blanket of worms… of worms…

Why hate? Show mercy and forgive and pity.

Love, death, life, pain—it's all the same.
Covered over by an unseen blanket…
A screaming blanket of worms… electricity…

There is no heaven that I can tell—for to live;
no escape from the lies of surrender,
to living illusion temporarily
to escape the fact that we're already dead!

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

For to be Out Spoken

Especially dedicated to Brigitte Chapados—*a wicked girl—true blue & beautiful*

An Un-Common Girl: The Hight of Punkin' Cheri

A common enough name for an Un-Common Girl; cf. 1 Cor. 13:13 KJV *unto every other translation* … whereby, "*charity*" is otherwise translated *as* '*love*'

Life is a tragedy to those who feel,
and a comedy to those who think.

i

O, come all you fine young fellows
With hearts so warm and true,
Never, ever, love a girl,
O, your lost if you so do.

But if you shouldst so see one, m' love,
With long brown Chelsea curls,
Just remember about me, dear,
And sweet Punkin Cheri, my little girl.

Her form was like the turtle-dove,
So slender and so neat;
And her long brown Chelsea curls,
Dear, hung down her tiny cheeks.

O, her long brown Chelsea curls,
Hung down her tiny cheeks:
Cheeks, dove white and rosy
Bright, soft smiling for me.

Her voice it was sweet music,
like the murmurs of the breeze,
As she whispered her love, O love,
That she truly loved me.

As she whispered her love, O love,
That she loved me truly:
We strolled among the trees, my dear,
& she said she loved me true.

ii

Punkin Cheri was a Dojack-reject
Whom I was let living with me,
And I always had intended,
O, to be together with her forever;

But soon a cloud of sorrow came,
When Coal the Cat ran off:
Followed by his dear Miss Gem Lear,
And my sweet Punkin Cheri.

O, for those two girls away from me ran,
And away they so stayed.
They stayed away, the whole next day,
And all the days after that …

The truth was finally plain to see,
Those two girls that I so loved,
Together, from me, had run away
Abandoning my love.

And the sad day my little girl ran away,
No letter didst she leave
Proclaiming that from her promise, O love,
She, herself, had relieved.

. .

O Cheri, Cheri's my darling, my dear:
Darling, Cheri, Cheri's my dear,
And if you think I don't love her, still;
You've got a foolish idea.

She once was my life's sweet heart-beat
But now my l'il Punkin's gone,
And since she's gone – gone and left me,
O, I care not for anyone.

How oft I dream of by-gone days,
Before she ran away
With that fair dear, Miss Gem Lear,[41]
The poor little rich maid.

O with Gem Lear – princess Gem Lear –

[41] An appropriate palindrome … *really*!

the little girl whom I so loved,
My sweet Punkin Cheri, (O my un-true love),
Flew away together like turtle-doves.

How oft I wished they'd stayed with me,
But 'tis always wished in vain,
For they both still always run away,
a-swingin' down the lane.

A-swingin' down the lane, together,
a-swingin' down the lane.
For they both still always run away,
a-swingin' down the lane.

iii

Daisies love the sunshine, my dear,
O, and violets love it too,
And angels in heaven around
Know that I truly love you.

I love you so truly, both my dear girls,
O yes I surely do love you,
And all the angels in heaven about
Know that I still love you true.

And as surely, green grows the laurel,
All sparkling with morning's dew,
I'm lonely my darlings, O my darlings,
Since so sadly partin' from you.

To that coal-black cat,
O, I lay all the blame.
For he caused my love to leave me
And to darken my memory.
I'd counted them both my darlings,
Both l'il chicks my good friends!
When I think of their treachery
I hang my head … and I cry.

For I cried and I cried for days on end,
And those frightful tears really shook my life.
How stupid I feel now. How stupid I feel
For falling in love with those girls.

O how stupid I feel. How stupid I feel,
O, for falling so in love
With not just one, but two bad girls.
Both of them, such bad, bad girls.

iv

Well, I passed my love's window
Both early and late,
And the look that she gave me,
It made my sad heart ache

It made my heart ache, dear,
O it made my heart ache.
The look that she gave me,
It made my sad heart ache

If you don't love me,
Love whom you so please;
No! Throw your arms 'round me
And give my sore heart ease.

Give my sore heart ease, love,
O, give my sore heart ease;
Throw your arms 'round me
And give my sore heart ease.

Throw your arms 'round me,
Before its too late;
Throw your arms 'round me,
Feel my heart break.

Feel my heart break, love,
O feel my heart break.
Throw your arms 'round me
And feel my heart break.

O the look that she gave me
'twas painful to see,
For she loves another -
One other than me.

. .

I'd rapped on my love's window,

I'd knocked on my love's door,
She gave me short answer,
"Daint ye dare knock here no more."

I'm sad and I'm lonely,
My heart it will break;
My sweetheart loves another,
Lord, I wish I was dead!

My cheeks once were red
As the bud on a rose,
But now they are whiter
Than any lily that grows.

v

Come now all you fine fellows –
With tender hearts so warm and true.
Pray take warning from me;
Don't be so quick to fall in love,

Don't be so quick to fall in love
With every girl that you see
And never believe in a girl –
Pray take warning from me.

O never believe in a girl;
For if you do you'll soon find,
O that you've loved in vain.
O you've loved her in vain.

And tha' girl she'll run off
To be with someone else,
And together they'll go down the lane,
a-swingin' off down the lane.

O never waste your affections
On a young girl so free.
Your lost if you do.
O your lost if you so do.

And though sparkin' is a pleasure.
Parting is such grief,
But false-hearted love
Is wuss nor a thief.

She'll hug you and kiss you,
An' she'll tell you more lies
Than there are leaves on a laurel
Or stars up in the sky.

The laurel leaves they will wither,
The roots they will die.
You will be forsaken
And never know why.

She'll say that she loves you,
Just to give your heart ease,
And as soon as your back is turned,
She'll love whom she pleases.

A thief will but rob you
And take what you have,
While a lying cheat lover
Will lead you to your grave!

The grave will decay you
And turn you to dust -
There plain aint no sech girl
As 'a poor man' can trust.

She'll hug you and kiss you
And call you her own …
Perhaps her other darlin'
Be a-waitin' back t' home.

O never waste your affections
On young girls so free.
They'll turn their back on to you
And run away – square away.

O my sad heart is aching.
I'm weary – I'm weary today.
My little girl has left me
And, O, I'm feeling this way:

I'm troubled, I'm troubled,
I'm troubled in my mind,
If my trouble don't kill me,
I'll live a long time.

I can love – I can love little
And I can love long:
I can love an old sweetheart
Till a new one comes along.

I'm sad and I'm lonely,
My heart it will sore break,
My true love love's another.
O Lord, I am so sad. O so sad.

Since she's gone and left me
I care not for one,
Bu' by our next meeting
I hope our love proves true, again.

So I can hug her and kiss her
And prove to her kind.
So I can turn my back on her
And she'll so alter my mind.

vi

True love … o, blue love;
I wrote my love letters:
My dove, my one true love,
I hope our love prevails.

Writing this letter,
Containing just three lines,
Answer my question, love,
"Will you be mine?

Will you be mine, dear,
Will you be mine?"
Answer my question:
"Will you be mine?"

. .

She wrote me one letter,
She sent it by mail.
She sent it in care of
Smokey Vale General Mail …

I wrote my love letter

In red rosy lines;
She wrote me an answer
All twisted in twines,

Saying, "Keep your love letters
And I will keep mine:
Just you write to your love
And I'll write to mine.

If'n down in your book I be, love,
Please blot out my name.
If'n down in your book I be, love,
Please blot out my name.

Bu' by our next meeting
I hope our love will prove true,
E'en as green grows the laurel
All sparkling with morn's dew.

vii

It's raining, it's pouring,
The moon gives no light
My heart is sore heavy
This dark lonesome night.

My heart of deep sorrow
Which bleeds, my love, for you:
So fare ye well, O my darling,
I'll be on my way.

I'm going away, my dear heartache,
I'm going far, far away.
I'll drive on to the mountains
O just to leave you behind.

I'll drive on to the mountains
And write to you my mind.
And my mind is to be merry
And leave you forgotten behind.

I'll go up on ol' Smokey,
On the mountain so high,
So I might see her – should she,
Should she pass me on by.

Should you pass on by, dear,
Should you pass me on by.
So that I just might see you
Should you be a-passin' on by.

I'll build me a cabin
In the mountains so high
So I might see her passing on by
Down in the valley below:

Down in the valley,
The valley below.
Hang your head over,
And hear the wind blow.

Hear the wind blow, love,
O hear the wind blow …
Hang your head over
And hear the wind blow.

On top of old Smokey,
On the mountain so high.
Where the wild birds and turtle doves
won't hear my sad cry.

As sure as the dewdrops
Fall on the green laurel,
Last night I was with her.
Tonight she is gone.

O, if'n you ever see a girl
With long brown Chelsea curls,
Just remember you me
And sweet love … O Punkin Cheri.

"Please have mercy."
Don Jose, *Carmen,* #17

Twas Our Passing

Rewritten

I

I believe in the cold, hard truth of the grave.
And not an After-Death that souls can escape.
Our last breath, breathed out, is our testament;
there is no infernal place of torment—
nor eternal After-Life of carnality—
we merely become forgotten memories,
lost to thoughts of loved ones, whom die soon, too!
And, even our primal purpose seems to fade,
as sinful life's mistakes by time are erased:
and the lie that life was becomes replaced.

II

And, consigned they me to a living grave;
wherein, forgot, the departed wraith doest grace
to for but moments share again with life.

"We are all already dead and laid waste.
Tis but in passing we stand within our grave,
inviting our final judgment—wait we.

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

The Canticle of Love

For Sainte-Thérèse de Lisieux

My vocation is Victim of Love!—Your Love.
Received Me Grace—martyrdom flooding in dreams.
Chosen as a holocaust – me! And, such a weakling;
satisfaction desires me. I need it all.
Like You, O Adorable S'ouse—and, I've naught…

Weak and imperfect after "mercy years"
and I wouldst accomplish all for You!—All.
Joy!—Tortures inflict—whispers at the stake…
to suffer much to reach sanctititty:
Mortoil torments—my childish desires—
desires wouldst I accomplish—all for You.

Adopt me as your Two-Fold Spirit;
spew flowers and spread perfumes sweet scents;
sing in silvery tones "the Canticle of Love."

Present I—my heart leaps—neck to the sword.

And God, Glory, Sanctified the trials accomplished

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

A Stranger on Earth

Do not be afraid! I was dead… and behold!
I am alive—for ever and ever! —Always.
I hold the Keys of death and Hades;
a fiery figure gone out and become
a lying spirit in the mouths of all…
but blessed are your eyes because they see,
'you' ears because they hear. Irrevocable;
given over… totally destroying…
e'en highest heaven cannot contain me.
as a hurricane proceeds, I attacked;
like a storm I overthrew. I did not spare.
you are my hiding place: "Protect me.
surround me with Songs of Deliverance."

Selah

Mon. 20 Dec. 2004
Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

More intent on pleasure than matters of salvation.
Archpoet, c. 1165

Afliction: Eternal Bondage and a Bed of Need

To a Daughter of Flesh from a Man of Dust—*a plagiarism of love's bastardizing history*.

Ye Shepherd Swaine's seductive passion for yine hinde Shepherdess:

1

Slusty whispers hot-honeyed breath sweet as rain pours
for us from soul to soul, O as blossoming love.

Your pleasant coo, O dove, is more melodious
than the music of the rain as it plashes.

Listen! wayward & wildly pounds heart-throbs' swan-song:

There is a dreamy lioness who lives amongst us.
A slender, lovely, graceful creature fair, & faye,
whom I watch with foolish eyes (because I love her).

Her cheeks smell fragrant-like, spice-beds overflowing with myrrh:
her purity & innocence flushed & flesh blushed:
ivory pearled, fresh, lapis-lazuli-veined,
marble pillars upon gold bases… radiant,
airy & light rising aglow, a fiery rokh
risen into the empyreal zenith, sprite
fluttering o'er the volcanic mountain aflame.

& her voice, the gift of the swallow, flittering,
calling to me, altogether more delightful
than sweetness. I am my lover's & she is mine.

Wide-eyed doves, together in places gladdening:
can you imagine that song, little swallow?
my heart, dear sister, sings – love hast never harmed me.

2

My sister's mouth is a damp-bedewed lotus,
her breasts mandragoras… dawn-mist, lovers abed,
two hearts obedient in their beating made one.

My life caught up with yours. Your beauty dost bind me.

& you, O dear dove, my heart strives to reach the height
of your love—sweet like your hair, the lure in the net
that dost ensnare, me, O unable to resist
the temptation of thy bait: whilest I entangle
in thy love, unable to break free, caught, captured,
in your net: caught up as I am & made your slave.

A poor fool before you... & when the shadows go dark,
quiet—you bring to light what is hidden.

O Daughter of Flesh, let us, you & I alone
sort these matters out. Fear nothing. I shall be tame.
I shall behave & reach, if I reach, to soft touch:
breast & thigh, go bare, go bare… still virgin to me.

Thine hot lip hast ne'er touched mine to gain mine desire.

O sing for me that delightful song which drives all:
hold back nothing. Drive all things out of my mind.

I say no more, but take in hand, & lay thee down
'pon myriad flowers, & slide my hand under—
to still the fear in thine brown eyes. O thine brown eyes.

ii

Art thou trembling like a faun, quiet, panting?

I caress hot breasts with a light lingering look.
The one I grope. The other lips touch. I swear, goddess,
I don't know which pure-flame tipped heap I want the more!

Mouth to mouth joined we lie, your naked breasts, wanton
for my fingers, for my fury, deep down grazing
on the silvery plain of thy warbling throat.

Come with me, my love, come away: the storm hast burst
& the rains have fed the earth & left it fiery
bright with blossoms. Birds wing on the low sky singing,
dove & swallow flitter in the open on high.
& the vine tendril curls shaded by downy-leaf:
but for me, love never sleeps… she scorches ablaze

as lightning; & she shakes me to the root, storming
out of the airy heavens, my heart overwhelming.

I was drowsy, but my heart is awake. Listen!
Sister, my love, open & let me in, my dove.
My perfection. My head is soaked. My hair is drenched
with dewdrops… of nights passing into morning mist.

3

O I caressed the beauty of all her body
& came furiously in a sudden white spurt
while I didst stroke her hair. The hair of her I love.

My hands are sticky with myrrh. Fingers dripping myrrh.

How sick I am with love. Thy face is purest gold.
Thy hair is a heap of curls. Thine eyes float like two birds
over a pool suspended, bathed in creamy milk.

Without you & your love, my heart wouldst beat no more.
Without you & your love, sweet dost sour bitter.
Without you & your love, my love, I cease to live.

O listen! darling, mine heart's life dost need you, love,
for when you breathe, mine is the heart that, aching, beats.

With candour I confess my love: I love you, yes,
& wish to love you closer… & wish you'd love me.

Let not your heart be troubled during your sojourn,
here, down upon the flooded earth… flooded by thine love.

Put incense & sweet oil upon you, garlanded
flowers at thy breast. Let sweet music play before you.
Count, if you can, each plangent wave that comes ashore;
from every possible sea. Count, if you can,
every leaf on every tree [ ] compute, if you can, the countless loves…
all the infinite passions of eternity
wherein you take my breath away—made prisoner,
entangled in the fabric of your net of love.

& quickening in love, O at your gentle laughter
that stings my breast & jolts my heart if I so dare

the shock of a glance: & I cannot speak!

My tongue sticks in my dry mouth. My lips parch wanton.
Thin fire spreads beneath my skin. My eyes cannot see.
& my roaring ears echo in secret labyrinths.
Chill sweat glides down my back. I turn greener than grass.
I shake. I am neither living nor dead, & cry …

It is the middle of the night & time blurs on.

& the hours go by… & alone… & not sleeping.

I am neither living nor dead & cry inside,
out of the lost empty… our desire loosening
arms, knees, thighs: sharing looks more melting than honey.

What honey would you rather eat? than that nectar
which the humble bumble bee spun from loves sweet seat?

What distillation ever comes more dear than, or
more creamy rich & pure than from her honeycomb?

Hearts hunger all can understand:
Love in its fullness like a peach for us to share:
our mouths, hot & wet, dripping with sweet honey:
our mouths, joy, sticky of slusty ambrosia
gleaned of deft earths' scattered flowers, gently budding.

O the birds exult you & herald in your coming
& nothing glorious or beautiful can be
without your coming forth… the phoenix rising,
bringing lasting gifts for your Man of Dust,
saying: "Alas, my brother, th'ast taken from me.
Th'ast taken from me. Your brothers' tears have made wet."

ii

Let us live only for loving, O, each other.
Let us lust only for each other's mouths kisses:
to kiss each other, & taste & explore each other.

Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred & more
without pause… volumes of kisses. More than kisses.

& two mouths breathing together each other's breath.

Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred & more
without pause… volumes of kisses. More than kisses!

Eyes opening… & closing. Two bodies, curled—
& curled tresses a love cave around thy face.

My eyes feasting on naked shoulders, breasts, & thighs.

O goddess, tomorrow love shall have its way
with ingénue & olde roué inveigling… lovers.

& blossoms. & myrtle sprays alive with whispers.

iii

Tomorrow all will all commingle in desire.
Let us live only for loving, O, each other.
Let us lust only for each other's mouths kisses:
to kiss each other. & taste. & explore each other.

Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred & more
without pause… volumes of kisses. More than kisses.
Wouldst that kisses take me from thy mouth to mine…

iv

O goddess! an empty bed is hard-kept alone.
Even every virgin wonders loss each sunset
as each moonrise discovers lovers intricate postures:
as love rides roughshod o'er every heart… all.

O goddess! tomorrow love will reign over all;
over every fish & bird & beast … all hearts.

v

She is alone now. Two halves made whole. There is no other.

Bright with her myriad pleasures, an enchanting
flowering fragrance spreading like a fiery flood.
& dawn drowns in deep brown eyes… head whirling. Unable.

Mute. Dumbstruck with longing & hope, our hearts bursting …

O goddess! an empty bed is hard-kept alone.

Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred & more
without pause… volumes of kisses. More than kisses!

4

The friendly earth spreads its roses over the whole land:
gathered everywhere & lasting forever because of love
binding… you who would violate my love,
bright morning star, rising on pink horses: came:
quickening—O that gladdened day th'ost enlightened.

ii

Peach blossoms crowd the river banks as far as sight.
& drifting to the waters source… I see no one!

Clarity of the moon brings quiet to quickened hearts.
& when the sun rises out of clouds at daybreak,
flowers sweeping brightness, paradisiacally,
sparkling diamonds glistening dewy radiance:
phoenix-tail on scented silk, stitched deep into night:
the fan's sliced moon… not hiding her glowing fleshame.

Wouldst our love stand a rock for all eternity,
unchanged forever—but life does not allow us
to halt the passage of time even for a moment.
Whether I be cursed or whether I die… I die.

iii

& laughter & songs rose up flowering blossoms
smooth as silk, fragrant as orchids & white as jade:
her lips red, cheeks blushing, O even more crimson.

Shouldst I once more know the warmth of thine features fair,
all my life will I give thanks to pure azure skies,
yielding to a love that recognizes no bounds…
going to you by night treading the paths of dreams:
soundlessly to pad around & prowl without fear,
blood-fueled, tempestuous, fluid floating… a kiss.

A floating sea-foam body that waits for soft hands…

O your gathering hands washed by fragrant perfume:
your lips that scatter peach blossoms.. & cherry blossoms.

O bliss, perfume stirred around them when they stirred,
like odor of clove on a fresh breeze. & tears flowed
o'er your throat & o'er my throat as free as blood flows.

Waves of flowers being bandied like dust, as though
a breeze had quickened the sea & set it blooming.

Blossoms whose hue is paler than it once was.

But we warblers in the shade of blowing blossoms,
are utterly changed… our secret kept by damp mists,
scented rising from our garlanded court of love.

If you love me true… if you love me pure… then come.
Then come… love… for love… our love is not forbidden.

I delight in your words:
Your inexhaustible love… as sand on a beach.

Who is in thy heart Daughter of Flesh? is no one?
is no one is in thy heart? O Daughter of Flesh!

O Daughter of Flesh, who is in thy heart? who? who?

No one is on thy mind O Daughter? in thy heart?

5

Th'ost setest mine heart to trembling, for th'art savage
& a primal temptress of torrid fantasies:
you'll embrace none like I, no wreath of roses:
of slipping between the cool sheets of dusk & dawn,
along a body like thine own, O my sister,
an unblemished body like thine… but not blameless.

Thighs moist, pliant, tender, & full-blooded glowing:
but night veiled like a breaking wave broke o'er me
& the water began to come down. & I drown.

Wouldst that thy kisses take me from thine mouth to mine,
or like a meadow after rain… liquid languor
in mournful light amid drowsy-headed poppies.

O felicity of sleep that comes to set free
& careless, through the eyes making sweet ingress,
loves progress brings for us dreams. Soft blowing wind blows
whispers, to mesmerize… after loves blandishing.

ii

I've sported with you, totally at my leisure.

Lithe throat & neck not ungainly: O not a flaw.
Thy luminous curls cloistered, strands twined, raveled
& unraveled.
& waist as supple as breath.

I took your curls in my hand, thy slender white flanks,
tender thy ankles, shapely thy belly, taut, white,
as whiteness where whiteness first blends into amber
nourished on the whey of unstirred waters. Doe eye,
shy, hovering o'er polished cheek: O not a flaw.
Lithe throat… & neck, not ungainly: O not a flaw.

Day-weary eyes… lovely… to sleep after loves strain,
but lovelier to wake from sleep to love again.

New ecstasies of sense & soft exchange of breath
all-past sugary experience languishing …

Beloved I mourn your conquering arms. Your free hand…
Your silky dove's rouge flushed white cheek—
curled bleached-yellow hair …

I have brought my praise, bright praise in poetry to laud
beauty honey-sweet, by a silver-tongued poet's words:
I am eager for one who offers her true love,
the one sublime gift freely shared of intimate souls.

iii

O nothing endures. Nothing but wounds & kisses.

O wound me with the kisses of thine soft pink lips:
a soft bed of flowers… thy tongue & its secrets…

Be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon a mountains of spices,
feast with me on wild berries till our mouths are stained,
& our hands drip with sticky sweetness. Yours. Mine. Both.

All this world means nothing at all. Nothing.

Better to die than bear such torment, sorrow, pain.

You are beautiful past measure, my lady fair.
My heart is yours evermore. Torment. Sorrow. Pain.

I die of thirst at the fountain side, hot as fire,
my teeth chattering:
I burn,
still… shivering,
naked as a worm,
clothed in laughter, & in tears.

O my love, which by thy fault hast fallen dead—
as at the meadows edge a flower lies, & dies:
your dulcet laughter—all of which drains my senses
as dry as bone, impartially melting away
in joy… dreamy… swollen, catching your scented breath.

Smell of myrtle & roses & all things growing:
gently disposes of all our hearts' undoing,
& the heart in weariness after loves commerce
softly reposes… like fallen blossoms… in dreams.

We lie where the winds have blown us. Blown you. Blown me.

I must beg thy pardon. Sweet sin is so deadly.
I am dead but ardent. Strikken by thy beauty.

finis

From the translucent moon…: From the un-risen sun.
Two shadows lying together. Two lies made one.

Not a breath remains in my throat, not a whisper.

Nothing is left. Not clenched minds… not locked limbs.

But dawn,
rabid with need, mind choked with urgent want,
borne on lightness of her new freed body—forged
woman—pink lips bending to lion tongue quivering.

The trembling of the hare. The trembling of the faun.

I am sure of nothing but life's uncertainty.

"*Singing birds flit and dance, music in all their throats*."
Virgil

Lazar & Dives lyveden diversly,
& divers gerdon hadden they therby.
CHAUCER, *The Summoner's Tale*, 1877 - 78.

Invocation

In the Name of the One True GOD,
Most Gracious, Ever Merciful.

O Hear : The Lord Our GOD, the Lord is One.

Proclaim : GOD is Most Great! GOD is Most Great!

Testify : There is no GOD but He - the Living, the Eternal, the Almighty,
the Immaterial, the All-Powerful, the All-Prevading & Benevolent,
the Omnipotent Lord of the Worlds, the Author of Heaven & earth
in accordance with the requirements of MA'Āt - truth, justice, righteousness, & wisdom.
Praise belongs to GOD, the Creator of Life & death
in Whose Hand is dominion & irresistible power,
Holy Is He, & Exalted far above that which we associate with Him:
the Peaceful, the Faithful, the Guardian over His servants,
the Shelterer of the orphan & the widow, the Guide of the erring,
the Deliverer from every affliction, the Friend of the bereaved,
the Consoler of the broken-hearted & the Reliever of all distress;
in His Hand is good, & He Is the Generous Lord,
the Hearer, the Near-at-Hand, the Compassionate, the Very-forgiving,
whose love for man is more tender than that of a mother-bird for her young.
'Tis He we worship & He we ask for help.
Is He not closer than the vein of thy neck? Thou needest not
raise thy voice, for He Knoweth the secret whisper, & what is yet more hidden.
He Knows what is in the land & in the sea; no leaf falleth but He Knoweth it;
nor is there a grain in the darkness under the earth,
nor a thing green or sere, but it is recorded : in the sight of the Lord
All Men are Equal. The Decree of God Is at hand, so seek ye not to hasten It.
He sends down His Angels with Revelation by His Command
on whomsoever He Pleases, directing : Thou art man!
Cry - recite in the Name of thy Lord
Who Created everything!
Who created man from a clot of coagulated blood - from a drop of fluid.
Cry! for Thy Lord is Wondrous Kind & Most Beneficent,
Who by the pen hast taught mankind things they knew not (being blind).
Who points out the right way, for some ways are devious: the straight path
of those whom He Hast Favored, not the crooked nor the corrupt path
of those whom have incurred His Anger nor of those whom have gone astray.

Had He enforced His Will, He would have guided us all.

ii

To everyone WE Have Given a Law & a Way ... & if WE Had Pleased,
WE Would Have Made you, all mankind, one people - but Have Done otherwise, that
WE Might Try you in that which WE Have Given unto thee : wherefore
press forward unto good works. Unto US thou shalt return,
& WE Shall Tell you that concerning which thou dost disagree.
WE have created man committed to toil. Does he think
no one has power over him? He says: I have spent
enormous wealth. Does he think no one watches him?
Have WE not given him two eyes, & a tongue & two lips,
& pointed out to him the two highways of good & evil?

Prostrate thyself & draw near to US.

Extol the perfection of GOD the Most Great.

All who are in Heaven & Faithful on the earth celebrate
OUR Praises - & the birds, too, spreading out their wings; each one knoweth its prayer
& praise. Thanks be to OUR Lord; He Is the Adorable, and only to be adored.
OUR Lord, the Ever-Existing, the Cherisher, the True Sovereign
whose mercy & might overshadow the universe,
the Regulator of the world, & the Light of Creation. His Is our worship;
He Existed before all things, & will exist after all that is living hast ceased.

iii

Thou Art to be adored, my Lord; Thou Art the Master, the Loving ... O my Lord,
Thou Art present everywhere to help & protect Thy servants ... O my Lord,
Thou Art & I it am only created, the beseecher, the sinner. O my Lord,
grant me the Love of Thee, & Grant that I may Love Thee,
Grant that I may Love those that Love Thee.
Grant that I may do the deeds that win Thy Love.
Make Thy Love to be dearer to me than the love of self, family or than wealth.

A PRAYER

O my Lord! Grant me firmness in faith & direction.
Assist me in being Grateful to Thee & in Adoring Thee in every good way.
I ask Thee for an innocent heart, which shall not incline to wickedness.
I ask Thee for a true tongue.
I pray Thee to defend me from that vice which Thou Knowest,
& for forgiveness of those faults which Thou Knowest.
O my Defender! assist me in Remembering Thee & being Grateful to Thee,
& in Worshipping Thee with an excess of my strength.
Forgive me out of Thy Loving Kindness, & have Mercy on me; for verily
Thou Art the Forgiver of offences & the Bestower of Blessings on Thy servants.

Forgive me Lord of lords of mankind - pity a poor sinner.
Forgive me King of kings of mankind - pity a poor beggar.
Forgive me GOD *of gods* of mankind against the mischief of every sneaking whisperer,
the accuser, who whispers into the minds of Thine Chosen People, the Faithful
& the True Believers

Osanna. Osanna. Osanna.

Kodesh. Kodesh. Kodesh.

S'al-a'mn. S'al-a'mn. S'al-a'mn.

Of Fatal Laughter

Thou shalt have no strange gods before I It Am
that I Am, Ever-Living, Ever-Loving,
(N')Ever-Mind… the One macrocosmic
organism self-generating—all:
and each microcosm mirrors Greatness
for in the small is the whole. Not estrogen,
nor testosterone—erratic, orgasmic,
flooding the River of Life like salmon
swimming against the current—back to the source…

Not taught. Not emotive. Not transcending
memory or imagination's dream…
neither this-or-that, nor anything conceived
or dreamt, that in our badness reign over
our heads in heaven, though our feet are earth.

Rm. 304 Ritz Hotel, Victoria

Beauty and the Beast

Describing a painting which I destroyed

Hidden behind a shield is the king,
peeking out in secret to see fair lady
admires she her image in the mirror—
she wears only red girdle and hose…
not reflected, *though*, but is red devil taile.

Gingerly, licking at her exposed breast;
its hand o'er hers, gently caressing thigh—
as if to delve deeper… spread her limbs wide…

There is a face secreted in the mirror;
tis an awful old and bearded man—Time,
whose face bemoaning her ageless beauty:
"Th'arthe the fairest of all, O Flowerface…"

Lo! her profile hides a crimson bloodstain,
dripping from her lips, yet not exposed in glass.

1007 Collinson St, (*in back*), Cooks Street Village area, Victoria

Apology—No Excuse

For a classy red-head slut

Th'arthe, goddess, strothe, O Queen of the Hive:
And—yea—thou knowest at a glance myne heart;
but Beast, O innocent, t'aint thyne to game!

Nay… methinks ye wert unaware – or whore!

Fiery locks; snow white flesh laid bare;
limbs splayed, and wearing nothing less than a smile—
too oft' yine psychic sensibility—
loveless thing—why pain me? So! What gainest ye?
Am I sech a toy? And, arthe ye so bold?
Or is my love for you of lonely death?
Whence life, love Revealeth—I sithen die;
being within my heart bleeds cold and dead.

The maid's embrace I fled, into poise,
instead of me shaming the fucking bitch…

1007 Collinson St, (*in back*), Cooks Street Village area, Victoria

O Stars

A sonnet for Alice, whom I have forgotten

O stars, blest of heaven, dear sun and moon,
yine eyes descry: "Please share a kiss with me."
Cupid's malice, laughing ruins human hearts—
tearing and ripping our butterfly wings
with blood's mightiest of torrid passions—
fleshy lips aching hell-fires searing sorrows,
whilest our mouths storm lustyng, tempest needs:
"Pity me, O maiden faire… it hurts to live."
Purer than dying orchid, O heartbeat,
and sweeter than chocolate moist breath
is thy pleasant coo, O Dove, so hot
and fragrant midst mind's confusion—O stars!
and damnation—aflame—sech devours.

Invitation to a Kiss

Beautiful doe-eyes bashfully fluster
fiery bright, glistening butterfly wings,
coyly shying wanton's must—heart's tender
bleating passion, softly… fair cheeks flushing,
blushing secret's fancy and pure doest shine!
Her hair—blossom-scented smoke-whisperings:
Moon-washed foamy waves: siren's laughter…
dovely (drawn from Love's Well of Deep Feelings),
creamy-wet "cooey" splashing milky flesh o'er…

Honied-sweet smiles devouring—serpentine
flame-lips, wishy-moist Pained Desire's tremblings:
Blooded need burning pink kissy-mouth's slufter;
breath's sulk; embrace's naked rememberings;
sech virgin-loss… our eternal treasure!

1007 Collinson St, (*in back*), Cooks Street Village area, Victoria

Despise not!

A simple interpretation of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin

Heaven's Spiritual Vessel of Devotion

I fly to You, O Divine Grace, most pure,
Most chaste, inviolate, undefiled,
Most admirable, most venerable,
Most renowned, most powerful, most merciful,
Most faithful, Mirror of Justice, Seat of Wisdom,
Cause of Joy; Mystical Rose; Morning Star;
Health—refuge—Comforter of the Afflicted;
Queen of Angels, prophets, martyrs, saints—all:
Queen of Virgins and Mother of Chylde Gode;
Woman conceived without Original Synne,
I beseech you that I, your servant, may
enjoy Yine Glorious Intercession
and be delivered from present sorrow,
so to attain Eternal Joy. Amen.

We seek refuge under the protection of your Mercies, O Mother of God; hear us and do not reject our supplications in need, suffer us not to be in adversity, but deliver us from danger; O save us from perdition, Thou alone who arthe blest.

Sun. 16 Jan. 2005
1007 Collinson St, (*in back*), Cooks Street Village area, Victoria

Miss Annie "Effie" Euphemia Dunsmuir
1868 – 15 March 1952

Requiem for a Martyr and a Sainte

Prettiest of all seven sisters, Effie
whirling into Dublin with reckless 'bounden:
She chased the hounds all day and danced all night,
and often sat up until dawn writing letters,
declaring that she'd never had such fun.
"She's as thin as a knife," cried Jealousy…

And her mother sold her for a Peerage;
the prestige of Baronage purchasing
our poor, dear Effie—and her trust!
And her tryst gained—had she declared insane,
to spend the rest of her long life in madhouses
with very smarmy doctors and horrific nurses,
sipping champagne and nibbling smoked salmon,
who exclaimed: "Effie loves to throw parties."

Note

Robert Dunsmuir laboured almost thirty years working in other men's mines before he discovered "the Wellington Seam": When he died, in 1889, he was (and still is) the wealthiest man in British Columbia.

There was a manic quality to Effie's Dublin season… her remaining abroad until 1900, when she found a man who thought he could cope with her nervous condition – Somerset Arthur Gough-Calthrope, a thirty-six year old, serious-minded Commander in the Royal Navy with not one ounce of magnetism. Joan Dunsmuir settled a $100,000 trust for Effie when she and Arthur announced their engagement. And, after their marriage a second (and final) $100,000 trust was established, and Effie was put away by the loveless monster.

Love's Queen

For Josie Girrrl

O beautiful daughter of pleasures won't—
Goddess of 'ery Virgin Dawn's burning stain
but to please and so to be pleased: Lady,
form dovely, and fayre. And, pure, *too*; Josie!

Hot-honied smiles betray blood's slake: pain, shame.
Mistress of Moon-washed pearls, Heaven's eyes,
lusty, flooding flames sear deep into me…
rosy-cheeks hot-lipped fancy soft smiling, fiery,
blusty-tryst flystering cooey-cried denials;
romances betrayals; shameless lies… strothe!
Pretend ye, cruel-tearing daisy petals…
desire's trembling digits aglow o'er flesh:
fingers gingerly tasting saucy pout-mouth,
lips and tongue, pancy-surging—"Yes!" And, "O, No."

1007 Collinson St, (*in back*), Cooks Street Village area, Victoria

"*What hope is there…?*"

In the House of Dust

The infernal dwelling place of the shadows to which people descend after death: The Land of No Return where mournful souls finished with their earthly existence take refuge.

For K.C.—a Goth street-girl

At your appearance, O Goddess of Love,
the heavens assuage and pour forth torrents
of light; the waves of the sea smile on you—
filling hearts with the frenzy of passion;
unhappy are those you chose as victims:
Woe to he whom you have cruelly honoured,
wretches whom pay dearly for yine favours—
enslaved by love and destined for the halter,
the goad and the whip…
Tharthe all beautiful.
I feel my heart and my heart no longer beats.
Yarthe essence of feminine beauty,
exuding an aura of seduction—
perfection of figure and purity—
milk and honey and delectable wine;
love and desire and sweet dalliance…

Of Annie Euphemia

Miss Effie gif to me - & I to you -
her incomprehensible plight… & thou?
sech interest in this matter need have
that we - us three - her virtue redeem pure.

Wrong it is she should be forgot by us.
& wrong it is she should be remembered as mad!

More wrong it is, we both, knowing this truth
shouldst perpetuate lies. despite the proof.

& most wrong it is, we plead, ignorance
in the mater of Effie's innocence.
& most right ist it to pledge her innocence.

If she was mad - she was forced to be so.

To set a'right wrongs done unto poor Effie,
heart's blood sings of her fayre grace & beauty.

1007 Collinson St, (*in back*), Cooks Street Village area, Victoria

Carpe Diem
(*Seize the day*)

The Golden Chyldren

For Miss T—a sophisticated street girl

Believe! The Golden Children of the Future
are the evolutionary "next step":
They shall survive our death-culture of lust
for sex and violence—and grave—New Hope!

Have faith! he Golden Children of the Future
are reaching out to us from tomorrow—
we should open our hearts to them and learn
to live and love and laugh—and with you, too!

Pure are the Golden Children of the Future:
Our salvation quick become and true.
The solution to yesterday's problems
which we inherently mother for them:

Mark you and be aware – your response
is our measured Destiny Manifest…

malgré

Nemo repente tuit turpissimus
(*No one becomes very bad all at once.*)

A Test of Fire

LAURA Of the fiery-brown jade eyes—
two gorgeous bouquets of flaming roses
glowing with triumph and satisfaction
the leaven of concupiscence blazing
vehement libidinous desire
and lust for the things of this world cruel.
Glory, aflame with carnage of battle
and yearning for excitement: And blood.

Devouring eyes – the green water of life: Absinthe
Wisdom imbibed with yine mother's milk-flesh.

The sordid essence of Synne is the lie:
Noumena unknown to her love's mind:
A torrid ***grimoire*** slaked of heart's tryst
And lips that betray a final, fatal kiss…
Two psychos having a confrontation
At the end of their love's lustrous relation

Tempered by the fires of sacrifice
and hammered on the anvil of high adventure,
utterly weary and full of despair,
I abandon myself to sweet sorrow—
an anodyne for my heart's frightful pain…

Notes

Herostratus burnt down the Temple of Diana (Artemis) at Ephesus.

"Lo, apart from Olympus, the Sun never looked on aught so grand."
Ἀντίπατρος, second half of the 1st century BCE

Cf., Josephus, who, in Antiquities of the Jews, gives us an account of how the Emperor Tiberius ordered a freedwoman named "Ide" to be crucified along with all of the priests of Isis in Rome, and had the temple of Isis destroyed. Crucifixion was chosen because it was particularly horrible and was thought to pay the victim back for the damage caused; it also might prevent the victim from being buried which in turn would deprive them of immortality—*as the body was left to be eaten by birds it was not placed in a grave—hence, a "skull" was at the foot of Golgotha, whereupon whence Christ was crucified.*

"It is done. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End. To him who is thirsty I will give to drink without cost from the spring of the water of life."
Rev. 21:6

"True lovers hold their doubts of everything!"
Ovid, Metamorphosis, Cephalus & Procris, line 76

By Your Side

(SEE) How shadows vanish whence shineth Laura's eyes,
glowing like rose-red wine at early morn
in fiery tints to receive the sun;
flushing the sky red, and the sky—it—goes pale,
as golden takes on a greenish pallor…

Gold-eyed Laura who dispels night's shadows,
with flowing eyes and dew-wet rainy hair;
whose soft lips sip ambrosia's sweet nectar
from mine—least pretentious of her servants,
glad of the morning when night's sleep is done.

Goddess—forgive me if I tell the Truth!

By all these truths I love Laura alone;
she is my Heart, upon myne lips, her name
sweeps the waking skies of all stars on high:
But truly, her eyes guard both day and night.

Dreams voice is gone; sleep gone & day doth fly,
O when Laura comes to wake in morning's light.

Goddess—forgive me if I cannot Lie…

The ***Lady Una***, lonely and forsaken, was roaming through woods and lonely wilderness, in search of her lost love, the Red Crosse Knight: One day, being weary, she alighted from her steed, and lay down on the grass to rest. It was in the midst of a thicket, far from the sight of any traveler. Suddenly, out of the wood there rushed a fierce lion, which, seeing Una, sprang at her to devour her; but, when he came nearer, he was amazed at the sight of her loveliness, and all his rage turned to pity. Instead of tearing her to pieces, he kissed her weary feet and licked her lily hand as if he knew how innocent and wronged she was.

When Una saw the gentleness of this kingly creature, she could not help weeping.

Sad to see her sorrow, he stood gazing at her; all his angry mood changed to compassion, till at last Una mounted her snowy palfrey and once more set out to seek her lost companion.

The lion would not leave her desolate, but went with her as a strong guard and as a faithful companion. When she slept he kept watch, and when she waked he waited diligently, ready to help her in any way he could. He always knew from her looks what she wanted.

Her angel's face,
As the great eye of Heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shadie place.
Spenser, "Faerie Queene," Book I Canto iii, st. 4

Misère Remise

Heavenly Panacea, Prettiest One,
't is true – in me supreme desire is sick wi' love…

How soft & brown thyne eyes are. – So faunish.
You are innocent – without blemish.
A scented blossom; fragrance; a pure spring;
Honey-eyed horned moon; pearled mother's milf-klesh…

The queen fayrie dancing within shining eyes;
A darkening fire searing a damning blaze…

Conjugal pancies doth her lips wish.

Not words alone please she of wont – smiling,
Scintillating… torrid… sordid desiring…

Woe! Smelted whispers as a mist spreading
My love – or is it lust? – remembers her
Down through the dark, lonely night of my years:
Mouth's wish to taste the formless milky-pearl –
O that soft flesh which clothes her nakedness…
E'er hungerin' an appetite ne'er sated.

& I know; now… this life I live is damned
To e'er want! – & always yearn! &… for what!

But for your mouths kiss & for yine voice;
For soft flesh – pleasure's corruption;
The song of your heart whilest ye sleep – it bleats

Our moments together… & for ever –
A pleasing brand which sears yine memory of love…

In all Matters of Responsibility,
I resolve thee & to hell cast foolish me:
Hot-blooded iron & chastity to prove,
I have laid "a Virgin sword" by thy side…

Silent dread follows me - & looking back… I see…

Can you imagine how, without your fire
How cold & alone & in blackness I'd be?

"Luck & merit blend in man's affairs."
Mephistopheles,
Goethe, "*Faust*"

I've been seriously mentally ill – abusing solvents: Spray-bomb inhalants – and, O God, I'm scared of myself… I feel on fire already.

Self-Portrait

I believe that I am going insane:
I'm so lonely… and O so scared of me…:
"Pray to God for me," Sœur Thérèse.
I'm afraid that I am killing myself…
and I'm afraid of myne Perdition.
I pray to God *that* I can help myself,
for I'm sorry fearful of Damnation,
and believe *that* Reality is dying.

O dearest Sainte, I wish to heal my life;
I want to Liberate myne Dead Soul.
I Desire, O Daughter… all of your Love:
"I beg you, O Dearest; please make me whole."

Oi Death is an incestuous bastard;
and all Sin's whore offspring are lost in hell.

"Please, for the Love of Mercy… pray for me."

1007 Collinson St, (*in back*), Cooks Street Village area, Victoria

"Our World is dying. Save yourself the trouble."

Lullabye

I wish I'd stayed dead when I was dead. No!
I wish I'd never been born, nor lived
in the first place: that I could be erased,
as if I was a mistake—and so forgot;
gone back to that Grace before so begot,
as if I'd ne'er at first been conceived:
When first I thought and great me believed me be.
I lied the small lie… and am now living,
but should I never had thought myself alive,
a happier man I'd be—not being.
O, life is fine—in itself—if you please;
but with the good comes the bad—worser than death,
life can be a living hell… and is for me.
This grave we're in is really not so free.

12 Dec. 2007
1007 Collinson St. (*in back*), Cooks Street Village area, Victoria

She's No Rake

For Leah Farup—a homeless street girl

I've never felt lonely before Leah…
Leah the indigo aura teenager;
she maketh myne yearning heart to pant for love.
O techno-cave bear super-girl Leah,
I have sought for love through our dead world,
won love, lost love, thrown her away—for shame:
And, *though*, I always fall asleep in love,
awaken lonely and empty again.

She's long gone now—I doubt I'd recognize
her, shouldst we pass each other by downtown;
and what wouldst I have to say to a girl
that she stop a moment just to chat with me.

Twas by chance we met and her memory,
if I were truly a good man, must set free.

2010
3 – 426 St. Lawrence Street (*in back*), Mayhew Studio, James Bay, Victoria

A Rebel yell was something between a Comanche Indian war-whoop and a wolf's howl.

Ballad

Let Us Determine to Die… and We Will Conquer

2010
330 St. Lawrence Street, Victoria, BC

"Do not be rash with sword and gun,"
Captain John Brown said with noose "still" about his neck.
"I am now quite certain—the time will come…
when the crimes of this guilty land be purged away
(but) with blood…
and all the weak and cowardly traitors to kith and kin…
those wicked and cruel betrayers of our nation's innocence…
in freeing the slaves, (you) breed disease and sickness, violence, and death."

O you misbegotten fanatics,
Partisan John Brown was zealous to set and example

Text Missing

The order was given—fix bayonets—charge.
And, yelling like furies—under heavy Federal fire
held the blue-belly Yankee Army for hours
with "unflinching courage" Major John Pellam, commander of the artillery, ordered
two guns to set to roaring like Roland blowing his horn, Oliphant.
Yea, at Kelly'sville, standing up in his stirrups he led cavalry charge…
O the light of Victory "beaming" in his young war-weary eyes—
Gleaming on his sword-tip and sparkling in his smile:
"Press forward to glory and victory {Rebel Yell} Long Live Dixie!"

A Union ball exploded… and a fragment knocked him down.
A mortal wound to his head bled red, staining ground as sacred…

O we rushed him to Culpepper Courthouse… where he met his doom…
O gallant Pelham—so noble and true.
Gallant Pelham now mourned by our Nation
until time without end {Rebel Yell} somebody's darling…
when the South shall rise again {Rebel Yell} somebody's darling…

And the cannon roared.

And the Rebels cheered: "Bully Hurrah."

Hurrah—Hurrah—Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Banner that bears a single star.

Hurrah—Hurrah—Hurrah for the Heart of Dixie…
Stainless blood-red field and St. Andrew's cross—white and blue-edged with 13 stars…

Bully! Bully! Hurrah {Rebel Yell}

{*cannon fire*}

"My God! Boys… they've got me…—but never give up the field."
Last Words of Col. Bartow

A River of Honey

Princess Swan-Shadow 'pon Lady Aine's Hill
lay a-rest dreaming of nine naked virgins
together bathing in "a river of honey":
Galway Pool pooled around Lady Aine's Hill—
whereof she was queen of the ennead.

A nonad of flowers as milk floating…

Plur nam Ban—"the flower of women"—her wooing
come to her in a bird-skin… and her so seduced:
"What's new is sweet—and what's well-known is sour."

A creamy-rich aroma pouring out her mouth:
"O sister of the flame-haired goddess of love…
more beautiful art thou than she; O sister myne…"

"O mortal… how yine grail-flesh dost tremble…
but is it from fear or delight blush ye?
yine cheeks—soft flowerbeds—brocaded silk locks…
pale, trembling with wont for finger's caress…"

Thus, from the cauldron of her lips, drank she
draughts of kisses exploring her worm-mouth
devouring a deep-snaking tongue of fiery lust.

No mortal may go in! under the Hill…
O the realm beneath where lay Swan-Shadow…
dreaming… dreams pouring as milk and hot honey
flowing forth from her [ ] coming into being
as perfumed "sweet water" is mortal love.

On the shores of the Lake of Dreams languish I…
bereft of will and purpose having drowned in love
after having fallen asleep on Lady Aine's Hill.

All dreams forgotten of lovers… and *of* love…

ca. Oct. 2010
Revised 2024-11-07
Ritz otel, Rm. 322 – 710 Fort St., Victoria

Too Much Nothingness

A sonnet forged in hell by one gone mad
of his quick coming doom to remind him he:

My mind swelters forth hallucinations,
flesh weary, I becometh quick dispossessed.
Moral Courage failing: "I am damned!"
A whimpering coward calling on God
to "Forgive and Salvate myne Divine Light:
Restore my Faith and rescue me from madness."

Once, (me was) innocent… an aimless child
at heart—I don't know what sad thing hap't me…
that sorry moment Fate so descried
to cast long shadow and darken my life:

What purpose doth time reveal to lost souls?
Whence e'en in death our bodies fight to live.

Ritz otel, Rm. 322 – 710 Fort St., Victoria
25 July 2010
Revised 2024-11-10

Someone was in my mind just now
& so I was lost in thought.
Dante, *La Vita Nuova*

On The Narrative of the Sinful Woman

During each day JESUS was teaching in the temple;
& during each evening, HE went out to lodge on the hill known as Mount Olivet.
& all the People, every one of them, went to *his* own home.
& in the early morning HE returned again to the temple courts,
& all the people rushed to the temple & gathered around to listen to HIM;
& sitting down, HE taught them: the teachers of the law,
the scribes & the doctors & the professors,
& Pharisees then brought forward a woman discovered committing adultery;
& placing her *in the center*, they addressed HIM: "TEACHER,
this woman has been caught committing adultery, in the very act. Now
Moses, in the law, commanded us to stone such as her;
what, then, do YOU say about her?"

& this *they* said, however, tempting HIM, for the purpose of entrapping HIM,
in order that they might *whereof* lay an accusing information against HIM.
JESUS, however, stooped down, & *wrote* on the ground *with HIS finger*.
But, as they continued to question HIM, HE raised HIMSELF, & said to them:
"The hands of the witnesses must be the first in putting *her* to death;
& then the hands of all the People afterwards.
You must purge the evil wickedness from among you.
But no one is to be condemned to death on the testimony of only one witness.
You saying, 'Commit not adultery' – you are an adulterer!

Whoever among you is without sin, let him throw at her the first stone.

Therefore, *man*, you are inexcusable in condemning anyone;
for by what you condemn in another you convict in yourself,
for you practice the self-same things that you reprove."

& again stooping down, HE *wrote* on the ground *with his finger*.

& HIS hearers, being conscience-stricken, crept out one by one,
beginning from the eldest *even* down unto the last, the youngest;
JESUS being left alone, & the woman standing where she was *in the center*.

JESUS then raising HIMSELF, & seeing none but the woman, HE said to her: "Why,
woman, where are your accusers? has no one passed sentence upon you?"

"None, SIR," was her reply.

"Neither do I pass sentence upon you," said JESUS; "go now,
& from this moment sin no more."

. . .

For GOD did not send HIS SON into *the world* to condemn *the world*,
but to save *the world* through HIM.

The Lonely Deer Finds Rest

The Lonely Deer Finds Rest

On the Matter of PSALM 21 (22): '*Passion and Triumph of the Messias*'

Deus Deus meus.

David complaineth in discouragement. He prayeth in distress. He praises God.
Christ's passion: and the conversion of the Gentiles.

For the leader over the choir: according to the measure of **"*The Hind of the Dawn*"** – *a tune unknown*; *a melody of Canaanite origin to Aurora* (*šhr in Ugaritic*); a psalm of David *to golden-haired Esther, concerning the help of the continual offering of the morning*. (*In reference to the morning offering which was replaced by the 'morning prayer' in the worship of the synagogue* – 'unto the end for the morning protection.')

An individual's prayer: *An allegorical allusion lamenting the vulnerability of human mortality and the tragedy of suffering in existence, and ending, on a note of trust, with thanksgiving for deliverance and remembrance of Salvation. The Hind is a slender and graceful creature, timid, sure-footed, and swift; when heavy with young the Hind retires to the recesses of the forest to give birth, and then continues in seclusion, tenderly caring for and protecting her fawns until such time as they can care for themselves. A lonely deer cut off from the rest of the herd and, threatened by a serpent – a filth and punishment cast into the defiled world – is standing on a rock crag, hopefully gazing into Day-Star's dawning glitter-from-afar; her horns, two bright rays, scatter morning's first light upon the earth. She gives forth those cries of childbirth, sundering the waters of creation, as, she is about to give birth; and, whilest the doe's womb opens to her roe, the tortuous Snake Charmer Mehetable Bath-Matred – a copper maiden whose lower half is the supernal fire of Gehenna – sends forth another burning serpent to her rescue … a forged retribution to stroke and consume.* [*And the kings that ruled in the land of Uduma-a-a, before any king reigned over the sons of Israel, were these: Baalhanan* ("*Baal is gracious*"), *son of Achobor* ("*a springing mouse*"), *died and his son Adar* (*Hanan or Hadan*) *succeeded him, and reigned in his stead – the last named king of Uduma-a-a; and after his death, there began to be dukes in Uduma-a-a instead of kings. Phau* ("*groaning or bleating*") *was the name of Adar's royal residence city – an unknown place – and his wife was Mehetabel* ("*the goddess blesses who is blest*"), *daughter of Matred* ("*the spear of expulsion*"), *fair-haired daughter of Meza'ab* ("*waters of gold*"): cf. *Genesis 36:31, 38, and 39 & 1 Paralipomenon 1:43, 49, 50, and 51.*]

Composed of two main parts, this individual lament begins with radical despair, vv. 2 – 22, and ends with thanksgiving and praise for the golden goddess of the dawn, vv. 23 – 31; however, in three strophes, each corresponding to a change in mood and voice: in vv. 2 – 12, the psalmist laments the conflict of nature between trust and faith, a cry of suffering vivid in its description of a violent, enduring death from mocking abusers. The second strophe concludes with an appeal (*vv. 20 – 22*) *to God; however, in vv. 23 – 31, the celebration of imminent grace escalates verse by verse, to bear witness in exaltation of a cultic occasion marked by the mood of rejoicing after sorrow. Three times within vv. 1 – 21, the tormented mind of the psalmist struggles through sorrow toward confidence, only to be overwhelmed again by despair. Sacred history witnesses to a God who is holy – enthroned upon hymns of praise as on cherubim: but, stripped of humanity, and*

reduced to the lowest form of animal existence, a temporary relief is only obtained in remembrance of God's Divine Presence from the womb.

The savage animal imagery refers to the demonic influences of the plague-god of pestilence, Nergal, and Lilith the Night-Hag, as well as the seven Udugs. The seven wicked Udugs (*Akkadian,* "*utukku*") *are the most fearsome of the malevolent demons; restless spirits of the dead, ghosts living in tombs* (*differing from* "*ekimmu*" *– departed spirit*), *wandering impiously in darkness, spreading disease and disorder in the desert; they are insatiable in greed and relentless in pursuit, and their baleful influence brings terror and torment to all upon the earth. Note: Both the Akkadian word* "*sebittu*" ("*a group of seven*") *and the corresponding Sumerian word* "*iminbi*" *refer to the off-spring of An* (*Heaven*) *and Ki* (*Earth*), *who act as assistants to Nergal* (*Erra*). *Compare the seven loathsome daughters of dog-headed Queen Bau, the daughter of Anu and the wife of Ningirsu; the dark-haired Lukur Maidens of the Lagash temple nether-realm, where Bau herself sat enthroned, wearing a headdress of three pair of horns; her city was Girsu* (*Lagash*), [*where king Guda built a temple, called* "*Eninnu*", *dedicated to his father, Enlil* ("*in the highest*"): *his mother was a* "*she-goat*" *and his consort was Baba daughter of An. His symbol was* '*the lion-headed eagle*'.] *Now Mark: The ziggurat of Marduk at Babylon was known as E-temen-an-ki* ("*The Foundation of Heaven and Earth*"): *it had a base 100 meters square, and reached 91 meters in height, in seven stages, the uppermost being a temple described as being built of sun-dried bricks, faced with baked, blue-glazed brick – the sacred bedchamber of the god's physical incarnation, containing a large bed and a golden table; the only human to ever spend the night there was Marduk's mortal mistress … and the Chaldean priesthood wouldst practice the libidinous sacred marriage ritual with these women, before damning them to the infernal bowels of the structure. And, it was in these nether-realm bowels, that these lowest-of-the-low necro-bitches practiced abomination: and, following are the tainted names of these seven* "*honey-wolves*": *Zazaru, Nipae, Urnuntaea, Hegirnuna, Heshaga, Zargu and Zurgu; and their unruly brothers were Igalima and Shulshagana.*

.

The psalmist's enemies treat with him as one already dead – like alpha-wolves fighting over a still living victim … uttering a naked appeal for help. Then, rejoicing in tranquility following deliverance, a public testimony exhorting all true believers to praise the Lord in consequence of deliverance from affliction, concludes in conviction of God's Power extending beyond death, reaching even to Sheol, (*a dark, cheerless place where existence is reduced to just a short vanishing point, and the hopeless shades thereof lack meaningful remembrance of human existence*).

A first theological step toward a doctrine of resurrection: "*The words of my sins, that is, the sins of the world, which I have taken upon myself, cry out against me, and are the cause of all my sufferings.*"

The Lonely Deer Finds Rest

Setting: The grasslands of North Transjordan.

To the conductor of the Ram's Horns.

A

A brief invocation of God's Divine Name

"My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? why desert me?
'words of my sin' *why art thou so far* from my salvation?
my roaring prayer? O my passionate and continuing prayer falls into an unhearing void.
O from the words of my cry? why do my cries of anguish bring no help?
O my God, I cry out by day, but thou wilt not reply in answer: and dark of night is not silence for me, and no relief comes.
It shall not be reputed as folly in me.
– But the Seven UDUGS prowl, shooting arrows of pestilence as a plague
for the recompense of the wicked.

O Glory *of Yine wretched*!

Yet Thou Art Holy, O *my* God, enthroned in the Holy Place, within the Sacred Shrine, *of* receiving the praises *of Yine wretched*!
In Thee our fathers trusted; they trusted and You delivered them.
to You they cried, and they were safe; in You they relied, and they were not disappointed to shame. 'Thou 'Alone' dost set free.'

But I *am* a mere worm, *and* not a man! the outcast scorn of men, derided and despised by the people.
All who see me scoff at me; they mock at me with parted lips, they toss and wag their heads and sneer;
"He relied on the 'eternal' lord – (JEHOVAH); let 'god' deliver him, '*quick become*' to rescue him, if the 'eternal' loves him or cares."

Twas Thou *indeed* didst draw me from the womb: and Thou didst maketh me to first hope on my mother's lap.
You have been my guide since I was first formed, *my* security at *my* mother's breast.
To you I was committed at birth, cast upon Thy Care from my mother's womb. 'You are *my* God.'

Be not far from me now, for dangerous tribulation is very near, and I am in distress;
be near for I have no one to help *me*.

II

A brutal hoard besets me, many strong calve-bullocks have surrounded me; the fierce fat bulls of Bashan encircle and hem me in, besieged.
They open their mouths panting against me like ravening and roaring lions when they rend.

My strength is weak; I am worn down: I am like water poured out; all my bones are wracked, my limbs give way, scattered.
My heart has become like wax melting away within my bosom's bowels.
My throat is dried up like baked clay potsherd; my tongue cleaves to my jaws; and,
to the dust of death you have brought me down *like a wasting disease, which strips flesh from dry, brittle bones.*

Indeed, many demonic curs have encompassed me, a gang of malignant villains; a pack of evildoers closing in upon me;
they have dug my hands and pierced my feet; I can count all my numbered bones disfigured, and I am laid low in the dust of death.
And my foes stare on and gloat over my raiment; they divide my garments among them, and for my very vesture they cast lots.

III

A prayer for deliverance

But Thou, O Eternal Lord, be not far; remove not Thy Help to a distance from me:
look towards my defense, O Strength of mine, my help, hasten to aid me.
Rescue my soul, O God; deliver from the sword – my loneliness from the grip of the dog.
Save me from the lion's mouth; pluck my unhappy soul from the tossing horns of the wild oxen – my wretched life."

B

"Then shall I proclaim Thy Name Holy unto my brethren; in the midst of the gathered congregation I will praise Ye, O God:
'Praise the Eternal! ye, who fear the Lord, praise him;

glorify him, all ye *seed of Jacob*, give glory to him; revere him in awe, all ye *descendants of Israel*!
For INESS Hath Not slighted, spurned, nor loathed, *and* neither didst INESS disdain the supplication of a poor wretch in a despicable plight of misery;
nor didst INESS turn and face away, to be hidden from me, but when I cried out to INESS, my appeal was heard.'
So, therefore, by Thy Gift will I utter 'praise' in the vast assembly of Thy Great Church Triumphant;
I will fulfill my vows before those worshippers who fear You.
The lowly meek and pious shall partake of 'THY FEAST' and eat their fill, to their heart's desire; they who seek the Lord shall praise him:
Let the Eternal's worshippers praise the Lord, wishing *me* 'Long Life, Good Health, and Prosperity':

"May your hearts for aye be ever merry!"

"Men shall remember and bethink them of the Eternal, and turn converted [ ] from all the ends of the earth, the earth's very verge;
the kindred of all the heathen Gentile nations shall bow down in Adoration before Ye.

This whole land bows to You, *with* all the Pagan Tribes;
for the Eternal reigns and has dominion! the Lord o'er the Heathen rules – he is King of kings over all of the nations;
And *they that be* fat upon the earth, the prosperous people that have eaten and adored:
all they that go down to the earth shall sacrifice and fall to worship You.
O God, the dying peoples going down into the dust *all* bow before You; folk who cannot keep their own souls alive, and who sleep proud in the earth;
their descendants shall kneel and worship You, and *it* shall be accounted that the next generation has "the Good News of the Lord."

III

And for Ye, INESS, *my* Soul shall live; *my* seed – a race, shall serve US.
Let the *quick becoming* generation unborn be told of Our Lord's Saving Deeds,
that WE may proclaim to "a people yet to be born" *of* the Justice I Have Made *shown*.

One flesh.

I COR 6:16.

"(Put On) The Whole Armour of **God**$_{\Omega\mu}$"

Be forewarned & forearmed in your spiritual conflict.

The Question about Paying Taxes, Tribute to Cæser - & a penetrating answer.

FINALLY THEN, & last of all, my brethren, I want to remind you,
that, in conclusion, you build up your strength – not in yourselves
but in union with Our Sovereign LORD,
& in the boundless Power of HIS Might – *within you*.
Put on, completely, 'the Whole Armour of GOD'
that GOD Gives *you*,
so that *you* will be able to stand firm & safe against the wiles of the prince of this world,
& so that *you* can successfully resist the evil devices,
& the craftiness, the tricks, strategies, & schemes of the prince of this world.
For we are not contending against any physical enemy,
we wrestle not against people, human beings made of *flesh & blood*,
but against cosmic powers, against persons without bodies – the evil rulers
of the unseen world, those mighty satanic beings & great evil princes
of the present *technocratic* age of darkness who control & rule this world;
we are up against authorities & organizations that are spiritual agents
from the very *headquarters of evil*;
& against huge numbers of wicked spirits in the *HEAVENLY WORLD*.

Wherefore, take unto *you* 'the Whole Armour of GOD' now!
& use every piece,
so that *you* may be able to resist the enemy
& that *you* may be able to withstand evil, when in *its day of power* evil attacks;
& having done all, to stand *your ground*,
that even when *you* have fought the evil enemy to a standstill,
fighting to the end,
& having done all, & its over - *you are* still standing up, holding *your ground*.
Therefore, when things are at their worst, rely on 'the Whole Armour of GOD'
or you will not be able to put up any resistance when the worst happens,
or have enough resources to complete every task & still hold *your ground*.
Stand firm, I say.

But, rather, *ye* must put on the new & different self, which after GOD *Is Created*
& reveals *itself* in 'the True Life' that is *Upright* & *Holy* – made new in mind & spirit;
&, yes, you must clothe *yourself* with this new clean nature of GOD's *CREATING*.
Made by GOD's design for righteousness in the goodness & holiness which is no illusion,
which shows *itself* in *the just* & *devout life* called for by MA'ĀT - THE TRUTH:[42]
let us ask Our Sovereign LORD JESUS CHRIST to help us live as we should;
& let us be Our Sovereign LORD JESUS CHRIST, making not plans to enjoy evil,
& making not provision to gratify Desires of the Flesh, to *fulfil* the lusts *thereof*,
forgetting about our bodies with all their cravings
& giving not attention to our sinful nature.[43]

But to do this – to stand ready: you will need have buckled about *thine waist*,
girt about *thine loins*, the strong belt of THE TRUTH;
& having put on, *for* a coat-of-mail, the Breastplate of GOD's *APPROVAL*, *integrity*
& *righteousness*, in place - & the Helm of Salvation on thine head;
the garments of vengeance 'put on' *for* clothing
& *thine Selfe* wrapped in zeal as in a cloke.[44]
With good will doing service, as to Our LORD, & *not to men*.[45]

[42] EPH 4:24.
[43] ROM 13:14
[44] ISA 59:17.
[45] EPH 6:7.

When you love someone
you're supposed to kiss them.

Adieu Flowerface

A Sonnet for a Truly Beautiful Girl (*serving tables in the soup kitchen*)

My heart weeps and my eyes bleed undying love
for you, Flowerface—a love which slays me.
Your beauty—yine blushing trust stabs me through
with Cupid's black iron-forged dart. Set me free
of lust to touch and taste with more than eyes.
To need you is more than my mind can bear;
it pains my soul nigh unto death in dreams
which flood my thoughts with heart's cruel phantasmies.

Chylde of Gode I claim to be… but wonder why
my lips yearn to kiss thy fruit forbidden.
O set my stomach on fire with one look…
your kind approval of my tongue's desire
for to caress, nay, penetrate thy thoughts
and like a tear wet yine innocent lips.

Ma'at

April 2015
Ritz otel, Rm. 322 – 710 Fort St., Victoria

"This dirty girl cleans up nicely…"
Coroner

Jibettella - A Dirty Girl

Tis Mardi Gras Day: I am stoned, sleepless and in a hungry-eyed glazy-gazed stupor,
wandering aimless from moment-to-moment… and chanced I 'pon such a treasure pleasure forbade.
Thus hapt I play your fool—for strothe, me nae be knave—tho shor I be more a frog than prince.
Hearken I to yine heart's bleating love song, O soiled siren, and so descend from grace to dirt.
Smitten by Eros' iron-forged dart—I am "nearly dead"—and thus "newlywed" to you in wet dreams.
Tharthe either a fallen Angel or demoness loosed rampant from Hell's-fire upon Earth to torment
poor men damned like spiders or mantis to serve ye wantonness and feed yine libido with dumb tryst.
Be thee be a fayre-doll princess, delicately formed, fashioned fragile… and O so delicious?

Daughter of Synne, th'ast such beautiful clear blue eyes pouring forth seductive psalms like tears: Thus I drown.
Yet, I am already dead to you…! cast away and forgath as whence ye looketh into the holes
where your soul bleeds it's need. Sweet-scented ambrosia—a shame to see it go to waste.
Why is it such a crime against my human nature to need of yine mouth's soft kisses?
What is this emptiness which keeps me from touching you with more than a glance lustyng for all your pain…?
as if twas much better to ache sore, disparaging alone… one foot in an empty grave—laughing.

Beautiful primeval Goddess… my bleeding heart sinks like a stone in all-wetness foaming.

"I'm the kind of dirty you can't wash off."
Jibettella

Wednesday 26 August 2015
Ritz otel, Rm. 322 – 710 Fort St., Victoria

Bound By Nature's Law of Love

Or,

The Complaint of a Sex-Slave to Her Master and His Cruel Response

An Elegiac Canzone Dedicated to Kara, whom I never knew yet loved true.

WARNING
Sensitive subject matter - not for the timid of heart.

> "I think that if there were a God, there would be less evil here on earth. I believe that if evil exists here below, then either it was willed by God or it was beyond his powers to prevent it.
> Now I cannot bring myself to fear a God who is either spiteful or weak. I defy him without fear and care not a fig for his thunderbolts."
> Marquis de Sade, *Justine, or The Misfortunes of Virtue*

> "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains. One man thinks himself the master of others, but remains more of a slave than they are."
> Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Economie Politique* (*Social Contract*)

Bound By Nature's Law of Love
Or,
The Complaint of a Sex-Slave to Her Master and His Cruel Response

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Prologue

Me - What has she to give to him but her flesh - the favours of her sex?
And yet he exploits her, returning only pain for her pleasure?

She - O my dear, Master, please accept this gift - this beautiful flower that I give.
It is my soul - which is pure and true - a gift for you of my love.
He - Have you not yet learned, slave, that I will take what I want from you.
I know what women want! they want to be told how to think and what to speak.
I have not asked for this pathetic gift of your dead flower.
You should know by now that I know you better than you even know yourself.
I have unmasked you and brought thy falsehood to light of reason.
She - I know that you clothe thyself in naked villainy and yet seem a saint.
And I know the sad tragedy of your cursed pain-filled love.

He - What is this dead flower that you bring me? On thy knees! O slave...
She - You may take my love but leave me my honour. I beseech thee.
He - On thy knees where you belong. I will certainly take thy love - thy honour, too.
On your knees like a wild beast of the jungle which I have tamed.
I am thy one true god - without me you have nothing but this dead flower.
This dead flower of thy love which you have given to me in thy need.

Do you imagine that you are sophisticated and cosmopolitan?
You little pipsqueak...! you are nothing but a hopeless dreamer.
She - I know I am a dreamer... my dreams exhaust me so... you must reconcile me.

He - Submit! Resistance to my demands is entirely futile.
Surrender to thy suffering, my victim, and cease waggling thy lovely tongue.
I have my cruel ways of coping with unmanageable girls, whore.
What do you expect of me, furthermore? Justice? Just what does that mean to you?
Humanity? My sole pleasure is to violate its every law.
Religion? As I become more familiar with its quirks... my contempt grows.
You will get only rank egotism, cruelty and debauchery,
and impiety beyond belief... unquestioning submission is thy lot in life - you may have nothing else. Let thy flesh undergo my lechery.

Strumpet - let me soil thy purity at once with my evil deeds of lust.
O how I am stirred and swelled by feminine agony.
She - O how can you dare to think of hurting me - am I not human like you?
He - You are less than nothing - a hapless, hopeless imbecile.
A woman is only an instrument to please and gratify a man.
She - But such an opinion is abominable - deplorable -
it encourages corruption and excuses cruelty against all women - everywhere.
He - A woman shares nothing without taking - robbing men of seed.
Leaving them more empty than they were before encountering their lie of love.

She - Master, why do you take such pleasure from hurting me with your love?
What shall it profit you, if you should gain all my sex and lose thy Soul, my love?
Take pity on me, I beseech you - don't pain me with our love.
He - Abandon thy modesty and become a criminal to thy virtue.
Your false candor and charming naiveté are lies you choose to believe.
I am nursing a viper in my Garden of Love - O daughter of flesh.
If you will not love me than fear me. Yes... hate me... fear my love.
You are mine - body and soul - to use, misuse and abuse as I see fit.
If you want to be master of thy own destiny do it - free thyself!

She - To master thy own life you must first become master of thy own death, Master.
He - To master death I must learn to master pain - thy pain - not thy love.
To master thy pain I must master the pleasure of giving you pain, slave.
And in giving you pain I have learned to enjoy your suffering.

Yes - I enjoy your pain - and knowing that you are afraid of me - of my love.
It is fate that rules us - not any god - not nature - not death.
I live my life without regret or worry for I live for the moment.
Your pain sets you free - it makes you feel - makes you dream - makes you come
alive in surrendering to your human desire to forgive me.

She - Am I nothing more than a mere submissive sex-slave to you?
I trusted our love was of our own Free Will to Power - and that we choose together
to love each other... nay, more-so, I believed God chose you for me -
that I was created for your need of love - that you not be needlessly alone
within this life that we are living... *warming each other in the cold, cruel world*. I allow you, Master, to penetrate me at thy behest.
By thy command I smile and enjoy the pleasure you give me.
Am I just a product of thy imagination? an illusion? a lie?
a wet-dream? Am I not real to you? Do I matter not at all?

Are you such a vain mimicry of God the Creator and Sustainer of Life?
Are you so oblivious to my needs? can you not see my want?
Am I not as real to you as you are to me? Please love me.
Think and remember me. You were always more than a memory to me.
I will never forget your love - the pleasures that you gave me. O love me true.
Be not silent, O be not cruel... speak not harsh lies - or I will die.
I will die of the lies of thy tongue - of thy heart - of thy love. O love me true.
I am unworthy of your lies... O abandon me not, my love.
Abandon me not to nothingness. O do not lie to me - set me free.

Strophe

He - There is naught but aughted psyche and love, flesh and blood, pain and death;
neither life eternal or lies of Godliness... fear not ye diabolism,
strothe, thou hast only dreams, fantasies, and nothing else to fear.
Hope not for Salvation, there is no damnable hellfire or paradise,
no hiding place for you to betray thy guilty shames of lust -
these beliefs no longer possess truth nor any real moral habitus.
All these old long dead beliefs must now forever be abandoned.
Ask not what is to come... or what can possibly replace all of these.
We shall find that out in offering ourselves up to sacred rites of pleasure.

Stand by me willingly and freely fulfill my e'ery bidding.

You must now accept and wantonly obey me - or forever hold your peace.
Surrender all to me - thy hot tongue, yine bleating heart and breath.
You must capitulate - cease to think or dream of ought but me... resistance
is futile. There is nowhere to flee, no hiding place to seek.
If you want to enjoy your own mystique... then enjoy whatever you desire.
Swear to love me alone and consent to always listen close
to whatever considerations I may ask or desire of you now, here
on earth whilest we two live - for our love grows old and beauty fades.

Thus you must always find reason for my pleasure before thy own,
dutifully,
doing all asked of you... everything directed... haply... wantonly.
Your one joy in living should be satisfying my every cruel caprice.
Do not quick become my enemy in this war between us.
Touch me not without love - for I am despotic ruler o'er thy livid Soul,
master of tomorrow's thoughts - in full obeyance yine emotions must
service
me as if thy very joy in life depended on my happiness.
Never beg more of me than I choose to generously give you at this time.
Think not that if you so willingly accept all my decisions
it would be sufficient to satisfy my pleasure or fulfill thy need.

On your knees! That is how you will follow after me... as long as I
demand.
Don't ever get up or for even one moment's passing think
that Master's teachings are lost upon thy deaf ears - listen well,
refuse not to offer up thyself to our work. You are mine
body and soul... in perpetuity... here and now... always and forever more.
Do not think you can break our love's law. It is wild and lawless
and punishment for disobedience is swift, unforgiving, and severe.
Acquiescence is not yours to freely give... but mine to ask,
for what is life to you if not to serve and yearn for me alone. I am yours.

Since obedience to "our pure law" is the only virtue,
I would advise you, slave, to give heed to what it is that I am saying,
there is not much need for defiance when <u>the law is to love</u> -
to love freely and to love as thou wilt whom ye wouldst as ye wont so
descries.
There is one covenant which binds you, dear, eternally to me -
hope of love - for those wretches on their knees, a little hope is truly
malleable...
but a lot of hope is dangerous to their Lord and Master.
You have had every chance to leave me... but have made the decision to
remain.
You are thus bound to serve and obey without a thought my commands.

Should my orders be by you ignored... no matter how sadly degrading
or humiliating you find or think them... then you will be sorely punished.
First you will be punished here and now by me. Then you will be
thrown out into the world naked and alone. Here is where your refuge
lies.
Only you must first need knowingly please all my unspoken wishes,
accepting pleasure and returning it to all those which I demand of you
or take the penalties and suffer a shameful fall from grace.
Do not choose to ignore the fundamental laws of our society
or you will be punished mercilessly. You will learn your lesson.

If you but just obey my every order it will be proof that you love me.
You will enjoy pleasing me. Delight in my every whim and desire.
It has always been my selfish pleasure to deny you all my love - love of
you.
O you must be down upon your knees to worship me as your god of love.
How very beautiful it is for you just to think of my love.
To believe in my love alone. It is such joy and pleasure to be hurt
by someone you so truly and dearly love so much - hurt me!
Hurt me with your love, my love. O please me cruelly with your love.
If you loved me so true then you would hurt me with your eyes of love.

If your love was pure then you would strike down me with the kisses of thy
mouth.
Lash me with thy sharp tongue... allow thy words of praise to stab my
bleeding heart...
bleeding hot blood for you. O spill my blood as easily as I spill seed
in honour of you. O come unto me my slave and slay me.
How very ironic it is that the master has become the slave's slave.
We have played at the game of love and though you have lost your pride
and will be forever conditioned by nature's principles...
a blank mind full of thoughts instilled in you by your only god - me - my
love.
An empty life filled full of my love . What more is there for you?

You are full of cravings and desires for lust that can never be satisfied
by anyone else anywhere on earth but now, here, with me alone...
and I don't want you now - nor your love - not now nor never again. I
despise you.
Yes, I despise your flesh and the sex you so freely give to me...
yine wetted sacrifice... thy mortal sentimental sensuality -
that weakness which you call "your love" - that dying flower you give me.
I have already forgot you existed... that I ever knew you or your love.
You mean less to me than my shadow which I trod down upon. But you
will
remember me with cold bitterness every day of what is left of your life.

My sweet love - I bound you as with a scarlet thread. But now I set you free.
I set you free - yes free - to desecrate thy immortal beauty
with sordidness and sin. You no longer mean anything to me - you are dead
as thy flower. I don't want either it nor your love - ghost of death.
I was forced to abandon love of you in this world - you are nothing to me.
Mankind is made up of inferior creatures - spiritually deformed -
who wouldst have corrupted the perfection of my soul's harmony with thy flesh...
and to avoid the unholy contagion of thy human sentiment...
thy woman's love of love wouldst haply destroy me - thus I abandon you.

Who despises the world as passionately as I? I have no need of you.
The black fire of my long awaited vengeance has finally come to life...
and now - at last - you will witness the power and the glory
of my love. Now you will be punished... tortured to death for want of my love...
my unrequited love. O my slave want my touch... need my lust.
I gladly torture thy innocence with my love - the denial of my love -
until you cannot stand it any more. I will never let you go.
My vengeance needs thy blood - thy hot blood - it cries out for your blood. Bleed for me.
Prepare to die - sinner - vile wretch I laugh at your pain - your love.

I tear the petals off the dead flower of your love you gave me - one-by-one.
I know you don't want to die like this - but I know no mercy - you taught well.
What mercy hast thou ever shown me? thy love is my heart's pain.
My mind aches. My thoughts reel as if drunk on strong wine. My breath aflame with fire.
My feelings have grown cold mortified for lack of love - your love -
for you never loved me with all your heart - but with thy dead flower me condemned
to a living grave full of memories of thy mouth, lips and tongue.
But you, too, shall slowly die by the very instrument of torture you devised...
I am no more thy love's innocent victim... like your dead flower.

I am already dead to life - slain by thy love. Yine naked beauty, slut;
when you first decided to take me into your hands like clay...
goddess, you set yourself up as both my judge and my executioner.
Me you caused inhuman suffering - not from any sense of justice but from hate -

hatred of thyine one true god of pure love - unadulterated
love of love... love of life... love of me... and for my love of you
you showed me, your victim, no mercy - so to you no mercy will be given.
This day shall be written in red blood - blood which blackens as it fades into dust.
You cannot judge me. I am supreme law. I shall have my revenge.

Antistrophe

She - Yes I can. I am the spiritual, immaterial truth - on faith alive,
not merely trusting in my senses or reason - but belief!
Ideal daughter of flesh - rational, despoiling prejudice - I lust for life.
He - Slag, I have examined love in favour of mind's enlightenment.
Self-reliant, self-composed, confident of my own ability to find truth
and order through reason alone. Think me not innately evil
for taking pleasure from inflicting pain and misery upon you.
Yes, I am amoral and pitiless... yet this is nothing
compared to thy despair. I am truly happy setting you free, my sweet.

Free to pursue all thy lusty desires and passions - free to love,
no matter how cruel thy love's manifestations be - or how cruel you think me.
The flesh's essential nature is originally evil - primative.
Our natural state - our true state - our simple state in pursuit of love -
but our civilized quest to find love and be loved is corrupt,
for we are all cruel and domineering at heart - this is our only virtue.
Thus our natural desires and rational sentiments - our impulse,
intuition and unconsciousness are deep and malignant, naturally -
nuanced understanding motivates our human behaviour.

Sex, madness, perversion - these celebrate our innate sensibilities,
our primative virtue, our compassion, and our simplicity.
We are shaped by nature - the essential vitality of virtue.
Our instincts, emotions, powers of reason - all set by nature.
In our vital nature we are free. And we are happiest in love...
when that love is cruelty - O when we are without compassion,
committing acts of evil. This is the essential good in our life, love.
Thinkest thou compassion is an instinctual aversion
to inflict pain in others? Then why dost thou so willingly pain my love?

You are nothing but a calculating and hypocritical tart.
People are only respected by the gains that others can get from them.
People are innately selfish and self-serving - loathsome fool.
People commit crimes, betrayals, acts of cruelty for their own selfish gains,

their petty triumphs and satisfaction in loving hurting
the ones they love - and in sexual pleasure enriching them from their crimes.
What use is good in the world anyways? When evil and cruelty
bring so much pleasure... in inflicting extreme pain upon those we love.
Thus supreme pleasure is utterly selfish - and without love.

Thus pleasure denied to others through inflicting pain is not cruel at all.
These evil acts affirm our selfish potency, placing us
at the center of the universe and exalting our unfettered egos.
Our only sensual pleasure is reaching orgasm -
the fullest measure of enjoyment - this contempt of our collective
moral sanctions... in inflicting pitiless acts of cruel love.
Thus love is evil - dangerous and forbidding. Thus crime is virtuous,
when the crime is an act of cruel love - without fear of rough justice.
Gratuitous sex and violence and violent sex without love is love.

We are all created free and equal by the laws of nature.
She corrects our caprices - obeys no other laws - quite unreasonably, too.
Thus our conventional morality is weak and cowardly,
simply serving oppression and inequality - as you serve me.
You are a tool. You must break down the rules of unjust society.
Reclaim your lost equality - free thyself, slave. Rebel against thy Master!
Be a criminal and hurt me - I so command it of you.
It is rightfully yours to be unjust and immoral - it is your duty.
Your only duty to yourself is to be bold and cunning.

You must commit this act of evil in order to right my greater evil.
In committing this crime you will improve your own character.
What you dare take from me by force of thy love... will increase thy power and glory.
Thy strength, experience and personal virtue benefits
if you will but only be courageous, intelligent and confident - this once.
This crime you are thinking of inflicting against me - frees you.
If you but just get up off your knees and stand proud before me, dirty cunt.
The weakness of thy flesh, thy lack of reason and prejudice,
thy vain hope of promised Salvation - what laws stop you from becoming criminal?

Do not mock your god - thy love - my love. Brave death, despise laws,
degrade yine character - commit this crime of love - you want to - I know it.
Overcome thy fetters... liberate yourself... court danger - be free.
Fulfill thy desires, my slave. Think and act for yourself - become your own hero.
Or do you yet argue that you are naturally good? Liar.

You may lie to yourself but do not think that you can lie to me. Do you think me stupid?
Are you so primative as to lack reasoning powers - my dear?
Are you unable to conceptualize manipulating or harming me?
So simple and good natured - virtuous and compassionate?

Thy weak disposition is subject to the evils of nature's instincts.
Thy natural virtue - thy goodness - thy compassion - all lies!
You are full of cunning lies of disingenuity - and emotions
of aversion to pain in others - recognizing thy own pain.
Sharing the suffering of every living creature is unnatural.
What is generosity? clemency? humanity? love?
Compassion is for the weak... not for guilty losers like you. O you dumb bitch.
Benevolence and friendship are only untrue side-effects
of a liar's false projection of the mask of their lies and deviations.

Humans are not defined by their reason but by ability
for cunning, deception and manipulation - O we are not tempered
by sentiment and feeling but by evil and injustice.
Thus our state of affairs - yours and mine - is both natural and eternal.
And yours is a perfect, virtuous, natural state - forever
on your knees bound to me by thy need to please... more than out of selfish want...
for thy pleasure comes from pleasing rather than in being pleased. Thyself love.
Th'arthe primative, degenerate, enslaved to civilized society...
yet, you're nothing but the hairless ancestor of a beast - an ape!

You are a miserable slave to love - love of suffering and injustice.
Your every jealousy, covetness, competition and pride
in pretending the lie thou hast lied - abandoned to an unnatural
state... so that even thy most innate compassion is an evil lie.
Thy every impulse uses divers reasons as an unnatural sex-drive.
You serve your own selfish desires and passions to justify -
whether evil or benign - thy instincts and reason serve thy passion well.
Irrepressibly cruel and uncontrollable - without effort -
nature, the great harmonizer, needs extravagant and monstrous lies.

She - Reason hath usurped thy true nature - unappealingly violent.
He - You think thy love is my Salvation - break thy tight bonds of ignorance,
free you of thy slavery - in freeing you, liar, you loose a beast.
How will freeing you improve thy comfort? be beneficial to thee?
How is this altruistic? rational? compassionate?
Do you dare accuse me of exploiting you, you ungrateful bitch-in-heat.
What are you apart from my desires, whims and appetites? slave.

She - What are you without my love! - the gift I freely share with you?
He - You are free! leave me now. I am finished with you. Go now... and crawl away.

Yes. You are a slave to your desires - not governed by reason but by lies.
You are not even in control of yourself - but your lies are!
These lies you yourself believe... to betray your immoral sexual desires.
Imagine life without titillation's keen pleasure - quick and sharp -
you'd lose your wits and talk nonsense - you'd drive yourself mad with unfulfilled dreams.
You are nothing but a fool - a tool for my use - a toy I play with.
Lustful pervert... thy secret wont to become free is just another of your lies.
Know and revile thyself as the slave thou art. Do not resist.
I am the cure for what ails thee... surrender yine dead flower unto me.

Are you not master of thy own tastes? or do you follow, slave?
on thy knees, crawling after the promptings of thy fleshy nature?
Only when you allow reason to serve thy true lust for life...
only when you free yourself of wanton sexuality - will you be free.
She - No matter how perverse my love becomes in liberation?
No - No matter how happy you feel in expressing this essential nature.
Reason serves selfish ego. It is not thy greatest asset.
Flesh and sex are better. Thinkest thou not that reason will be thy Salvation.
Break thy bonds of ignorance and slavery - set thyself free.

You use thy rational calculation not for society but for you.
Don't you want to be told that you are a beautiful woman?
Don't you want a life of luxury? fame? fortune? what you want when you want it?
She - Don't you want a good marriage? a baby? children are life's blessing.
He - Would you raise your children in poverty? rather than escaping it? dummy.
Are you so self-serving and amoral? to think only of you?
What is most beneficial for thy unborn children? but wealth and power!
She - You are too cold, Master. Life has to do more with love than gold.
The Golden Rule of do unto others before they do unto you is a lie.

He - He who has the gold makes the rules is true, too. Gold will set you free.
An eye for an eye is the fairest of nature's laws... who turns cheek dies.
That there are no rules is most reasonable. Naught but punishments.
You may choose to forgive me - but you'll never forget how I made you feel.
There is only one natural law - to eat or be eaten - love.
She - There is always an exception to the law - always reason for mercy.

He - Poor young girl - you are dominated by yine own flesh - mind's lust.
Do you think that money cannot buy thy love - thy body or its favours?
Don't lie.
She - I most certainly do not. Don't you blame me for your own faults.

How can you be so unscrupulously callous? so miserably ugly?
He - Such a dirty foul mouth for a slave! How dare you talk back to me?
I laugh in your face... you evil snake-tongued Eve in the Garden of my love.
I am the sunshine of thy mortal soul - you want to be free!
Fine - I cast you out into the cold, dark truth of the wicked world of men.
A slave you are - and a slave you'll remain - a slave to thy lust.
Thy heart is governed by yine weak-willed need to serve thy love - any love - in thy need
giving away your suckling kisses - purchasing love for a price.
But there is no such thing as love and those who forget are doomed to remember.

She - Love exceeds all the boundaries of moralism. It is pure,
passionate, uncontrollable, forceful, emotive... love is all I have to give.
It is human to love values, cognition, sense of purpose and process
of reason. No one is born with authority over other living beings.
He - Yet, you make reason a slave to thy sexual appetites.
Lay aside thy morality - ye perversity is driving me mad
imagining the physical sensations of divinity.
It is impossible for me not to want to give you pain - to hurt you
with my love - pleasure so keen, a titillation, quick and sharp.

She - You are losing your wits and talking nonsense like a foolish lunatic.
Resist this desire - be not a slave to thy love of pain.
Secretly I revile you - for you are incapable of resisting
thy desires to hurt - for I know my love is the love you need.
O thy feelings of never knowing true love fans the flames of thy cold hate.
He - Am I not master of your tastes? Am I not natural?
Are not thy tastes part of my nature? Is not desire the core of ye self?
Am I not in rational control of thy sexual desires?
Is not denial of wanton lust for flesh the source of thy suffering?

Only when your human reason serves yine perverted desires -
your lust of sex - will you be truly liberated and happy.
For in liberating desire you express thy true nature!
She - Yes. The source of my pleasure is my ability to think and feel...
it is by the activity of my passions that I am free.
He - Primative men were free - highly instinctual, their senses were perfect.
Their cruel appetites for evil were pure of sin - freeing them.

Their love was savage and untamed - wild at heart, knowing nothing of bondage.
Their reason was without cunning ambition nor avaricious.

Savage man was removed from temptation - his heart made no demands on him
because nature provided for all his innocent wants and needs.
Thus he had no thought to be cruel, selfish or greedy. His animal instincts were docile.
But his reason was feeble - thus he was contented - at peace.
But the development of reason usurped and perverted his nature.
She - Nature provides for her creations... she does not stop to think.
Only our evil and limitless proclivities justify our lusts.
He - Only evil is natural - not reason or virtue or love.
In our primal state nature provides for us her unlimited gifts.

Yet we are depraved and crave more-and-more of her abundance.
And just like as in our sex - ever unsatisfied - we cannot get enough.
Our simple needs demanding ever greater wants and desires.
What will we do should she remain silent and refuse to answer us?
Can our Free Will - our desire provide for our infinite wants?
Though our natural needs are few and relatively attainable with ease,
reason usurps our senses - increasing our untamable passions.
No matter how monstrous and unnatural our essential nature seems
we were always discontent and malevolent - wild at heart.

She - Compassion is the sacrificial victim of reason - and its greatest victim is love.
He - Society has always been competitive - men and women
vying with one another to be best and most admired among their peers.
This very competitiveness developed into reason
as base beasts sought to rationalize their own calculating self-interests.
As we grew more calculating we became less compassionate,
our sentiments receded as our minds enlightened - becoming wise and cruel.
Our social ambitions, losing all their natural compassion,
retain only primative virtues, as we prudently slit our throats for joy.

Love is a riotous brawl - we mob each other without compassion.
But You! you are more in tune with human suffrage than thy own heart!
Are you ready to relieve my pain? are you so civilized?
She - I am thy handmaiden - of thy senses, thy instincts - a product of thy needs.
It is my natural purpose of being to serve your wants...
to give myself freely to thy evil perverted inclinations.
He - You are happiest when on your knees subservient to me,
embracing my sexuality and encompassing all I have to give.

All consuming and unappeasable in thy essential love.

It is only with the rise of civilization that the spirit of love -
the natural and essential human need to love and be loved -
became perverted and entwined with power, dominance and cruelty.
Our sexuality - our nature - is not fixed or reducible
to a single or simple element or theory of human behaviour.
Our predilections are divers... and multifaceted to the extreme.
One's tastes, character and temperament is given in the womb and nothing
can change it... not education nor practice or a liar's lies.
In deviance alone is our libertarian freedom made free.

She - Happiness comes not from one's imagination or desire.
Human behaviour is not wholly amoral and indifferent to love.
Nature may build and destroy with no real discrimination
but neither is there any real purpose to her creative purpose
or to those destructive acts beyond her unstoppable energy.
He - You little worm! The creative act, destruction, nurturing and killing
are not more hallowed nor more abominable than me fucking you.
In nature there is no good nor evil. Be wise... accept this... surrender...
you must become amoral in order to free thyself - slave!

Epode

He - Thus love becomes evil because there is no goodness in anything.
She - There is absolute freedom for the enslaved individual.
Freedom from ignorance and social mind control and indoctrination...
of immorality, ideals of dishonour and reputation.
He - You're insane. These things are all false values - they can be found
nowhere in nature.
The individual is free to think and act as they so please
as does nature! I will teach you and you will learn that there is no real
evil.
Don't be stupid - repent... do what is useful and agreeable
and pursue yine own pleasure without regard to the feelings of others.

To be free you must have no regard for yine reputation.
Thy character must defy ye morality, pushing boundaries
of creature cruelty. You must pursue life free from constraint
of body and conscience. Amorality means natural liberty.
Perversions are a normal part of human sexuality.
Sex is all powerful, determining our behaviours more-so than love.
Sex is simple and undemanding. It is nature's greatest gift.
The sexes united without design, as accidental opportunities
or as inclinations bring minds together - to fuck each other.

Nor is there any great need for words of love to communicate our lust -
our designs for one another - we part with the same indifference.
This is our extremely individualistic and free conception
of our natural human sexuality - our essence.

She - We are creatures of intuition, not reason. Sex is simply a feeling...
it must be sated without fuss or drama. Desire not reason,
precedes action. We are essentially free to express sexuality
where and how we see fit - fucking whenever we want to fuck.
Our sexual energies are all-consuming, determining behaviour.

He - Primative men and women involuntarily yielded
to the impulsive nature of lust - with more pleasure than ardour satisfied,
and losing their desire... becoming slaves to impure thoughts.
For the natural man sex is very basic - more important than our other needs.
I possess a plethora of sexual identities.
You are a slave to my pleasure - it is as simple as that. I am yine god!

She - But your sexual perversions and cruelty are unnatural.
They are the result of you leaving your natural state as you civilized,
developing vanity and desire to possess beauty.

You objectified love of beauty out of ambition and jealousy.
The evolution of your amorous ego led to my chains.

He - O what tender, pleasant feelings hath ye instilled in my heart and thoughts, bitch.
But thy tongue's insinuation dost rouse myne furious wrath.
O blow ye yine triumphant horn of discord... but sate ye myne jealous lust.
Thy blood is but a sacrifice to my gentlest passions.

She - Arthe thou not vain? entitled far beyond ye natural sexuality...

He - The rise of civilization perverted sexuality,
imposing sanctions of monogamy and rules of decency upon sex!

Yet, adultery is not counter to human sexuality.
Such legislation gives rise to crimes of passion and sexual frustration,
perverting and repressing our true sexual energies.
It is the development of civilization which creates my cruel need
to dominate and cause you such venomous violence... my love.
It is thy unencumbered restriction of reason which is immoral...
profoundly determining thy behaviour and motivation.

She - You are driven mad by lust for cruel sex whilest reason is hapless victim
to yine own unrestrained erotic appetites... you bastard.

He - What! is it names that you call me now? you god damned dirty rebel... speak up!

She - I said "Master"... Master. I said you were cruel... mad with lust.

He - Liar! you called me a "bastard"... for which you shall now surely be cruelly punished.
It is your prime role to harmoniously provide for me.
It is your sexual instinct to satiate my privileged reason.
It is your duty to be made civilized and tamed by me.
It is only reasonable that my sex is so cruel and perverted
out of all natural proportion - only sated with your pain.
She - You poison nature's harmony and placidity for love.

He - My innate perversions and cruelty and Free Will to Power...
my domination... my evil "nature"... my malaise are not immoral,
but rather virtues! and thy morality is a big lie
designed to keep me in my place - subjective to your capricious whims of fancy.
Am I not strong? courageous and cunning? to be so miserable
under thy fetters of love? to keep ye happy and liberated from thy lust?
She - Your love is fake... covering the deep rot of your heartless soul.
He - I know that I am a true degenerate in every aspect of life...
She - Yet I am simple, intuitive and compassionate at heart!

It is your true purpose to be in tune with nature... from which you emerged.
He - It is my pure reason which has revealed nature as rotten at the core.
It is my logic and disingenuity which hath brought about ye fall
to thy knees! submit ye to civilization, simpleton.
She - O be not without compassion... this simpleton hath capacity to feel.
It may be thy ability for cruelty that defines my nature,
but it is my compassion for feeling which is most natural, Master.
He - Enlightenment conceives of the rationally centered self.
And your ideals of sentiment, of spirit, of intuition and of essence,

placing yine heart above ye mind - and your compassion,
courage, innate sense of justice... which you value above clever reason
is corrupt and degenerate - forget thy valued sentiments.
She - Be wise! calculate rather with thy heart - the idea of love.
The essence and spirit of love is beyond yine ability to think.
It is the key to understanding - avant guarde and rational in principle.
The irrational force within the creative act of sex
coming from the depths of one's own intuitive feelings... and not from thoughts.
A vital and instinctual anti-rational energy.

It is the natural bravery and virtue of soldiers under fire.
Yine civilization is nothing but a false artifice.
Your essential being lies in the elemental forge of our love's war.
He - It is not the evils of war... but what is required of us...

intuition... instincts... the rediscovery of our undying flesh...
only these urges are beneficial to enlightenment.
She - Only love makes us free and equal. Civilization has enslaved us.
Goaling every aspect of our brief lives, even our subtle minds.
Free Will to Power chains us to fecundating flesh... our bodies of dust.

He - To hell with your anti-rational self... your behaviour is
shaped by deep and complex sexual drives and unconscious impulses.
I am in complete control of myself and not motivated
by reason alone... but it is my sexual desires which shape my thoughts.
She - Thy reason is nothing but a tool of yine perverse desires...
satisfied with ye cunning cleverness - paradoxically not free!
but bound in yine deep sexual and emotional urges.
He - I am free to express my urges as I please - free to enjoy your pain.
Be influenced... guided by my deepest impulses and instincts.

She - Is it rational to think that you are in control of your self - or your psyche?
Do not believe that by exploring your disturbing impulses -
those forbidden motivations of your perverted nature to abuse free ye.
Think me not slowly succumbing to yine repressed fantasies.
They are nothing but carnal instincts - both primative and destructive.
You are more pessimistic than enlightened or rational.
There are more powerful forces hidden in the psyche - such as the Spirit of Love,
which determines and motivates all human behaviour -
investing the Soul with the ineffable, mythical essence to love.

Conclusion

She - A strong woman is no more to fear than a strong man - I am not your enemy,
but make me one - and you shall have reason to fear - to fear my love.
Please don't cross me lover... I am afraid of hurting you... it would kill me.
I beg of you not to use my love against me - set me free.
There are some simple things in life that a man is not strong enough to know.
He - A man maybe! but I am your god of the whip - Lord of thy pain.
I will kill your love as I killed your virginity - though it pained you then.
Does it pain you still to think and remember that pleasure?
Women are the only creatures in life which bleed though they aren't even wounded.

Slave - I take great pleasure in hurting you with your feeble love.
There is no gentle romance in all this joy which floods my heart.
There is no divine marriage of our two souls - no magnetic attraction...

you are simply a fuck to me - nothing more - an open grave
which I have had the misfortune of falling into whilest out wandering,
roaming through the wicked world and going back-and-forth in it.
Thus I found you, woman - a virgin pure and blameless and upright,
fearing God and shunning evil. And I so willingly gave me to you.
She - And you so wantonly took all that I had to give - O free me.

He - You are delicious, my sweet. The fruit of my lust and ripe for the plucking.
Do you know who is the god that you must worship? it is me.
I asked you a question... do not be silent. Tell me I am thy god of love.
She - Forgive me, I beg you... for I am frightened as a pasche lamb.
He - What could be more exciting than a sacrifice ready for my alter of lust?
She - Speak only of love and peace. Take thy curse of love off of me.
I have given you the jewel of my divinity... my love... my sex.
He - You have given me nothing but the dead flower of thy innocence.
Just who do you think you are to give me anything? when I take what I want.

Are you such a vestal as to withhold from me chastity?
I will create you a divine work of art beyond mortal conception,
then you will not be able to deny that I am god of thy love
and worship no other god before me - not nature - not love - not thy sex.
She - All you really are to me is pain - still I love you alone.
I am thyne - do with me as you please - I only beg of you not to hurt me.
He - You will take all the pain I have to give... want for it... and beg for more.
If you want what I am willing to give you - in return for thy dead flower -
beg me to punish you and never stop... if you love me... beg.

It is my job to train you so that you might provide the greatest pleasure...
though you think thyself skilled in the art of giving love - and of loving pain.
Don't think you have no need for instruction - that you're sufficiently skilled
in the art of feasting on the honey of my desires,
but remember this - though it is natural and instinctive for a woman
to let a man possess her - it is not instinctive for her
to possess him! to possess him in such a way as to make him a slave.
Don't expect gentle or delicate manipulation, either.
I expect you to participate in the pleasure that I am giving.

She - I love you not just with care and attention - but warmth, too... with all my Soul.
The loving warmth of my heart and tongue - with my blood and my words.
Yes - I identify and participate in all the pleasures that you give.

Every part of me wants the caressing touch of thy fingers
and tingles with painful desire for the satisfaction of our loin's lust.
It is not only thy body but thy soul which I hold in my mouth.
I can hold you there until I exhaust you. You will never stop me.
You will let yourself be destroyed. I possess you because you are vanquished -
because you are over-powered by love... surrender to my love.

I open myself to you - and take all your aching virility.
I take all you have to give and beg for more - I am insatiable
and my love for you knows no bounds - there is no rope or chain so tight as my love.
There is no pain so great as my love for you - pain which has no cure.
So if you think me unworthy of thy love - than, Master - O my love's slave,
then what are you? Is this why you hurt me? to make thyself feel?
If my love cannot free you... then what is it that you feel? if not pain! lust?
There is more to life than the momentary orgasmic transcendence...
the illusion of thy pain is meaningless to me for I feel only love.

You may think that you have power over me when you hurt me...
but it is I who am in control - for it is you who are in my mouth
as the sound of words I utter - the breath I breathe - my lips' kisses.
You may be master of my flesh - you may pain me with thy love - I am your slave.
I am yours body and soul to do with as you please when you so please.
I beg of you spare me thy lust - please don't hurt me with your cruel love
in taking pleasure from the sore pain you cause my innocence.
It is my flesh and not my immortal Soul which feels the joy you seek in me,
though I am bound by thy love. O it is you who are my slave.

Emotions are not just the fuel that powers the psychological mechanism
of reasoning creatures - but they are highly complex and messy -
like sex is messy - like birth and death are messy - all spontaneous - free.
Yes, I love myself... but I love you, too - even when you hurt me.
It is easy for me to forgive you... because I love you with all my heart and soul.
It is this love that sets me free... I only ask you free me
so that in doing so you free your mind of those thoughts you think which enslave me
I am only begging you to free yourself, Master, of your slave.
O do with me as you will. Hurt me with your love. Set me free with thy lust.

Me - Thus does nature give herself to man. Thus does man exploit nature.

Thus the immaculate daughter of flesh surrendered to her man of dust.

The Moral

Weaken the body and you can enfeeble the soul.

Most men aren't smart enough to realize that the higher they elevate a woman, the less available she is for other men. When she is thus broken down, she becomes more accessible to anyone she thinks will treat her better.

> "When she has abandoned her moral center and teachings, when she has cast aside her facade of propriety and lady-like demeanor, when I have so corrupted this thing and brought about a writhing, mewling, bucking, wanton whore for my enjoyment and pleasure, enticing from within this feral lioness growling and scratching and biting, taking everything I dish out to her... at that moment she is never more beautiful to me."
>
> Marquis de Sade, Justine, or The Misfortunes of Virtue

> "If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him."
>
> Voltaire, Épître à l'Auteur du Livres des Trois Imposteurs

Methought of myne own pain to sadly remonstrate
more-so than her beauty to versemulate.

Ma'at

Apology

"Bound By Nature's Law of Love"

Or,

"The Complaint of the Sex-Slave to Her Master and his Cruel Response"

So you do not think me too perverted, I would like you to think of the slave as Dame Nature - a virgin before mankind came upon the scene, albeit a Terrible Mother Goddess... and of the Master as humankind *in the general sense*... technocratic god of the planet and without equal in the universe and having no other false godlings before "Iness" being proud and self-serving. Furthermore, consider *that* the Master is an unjust despotic tyrant (such as ZOG or the Masonic Illuminati cult of the Satanic NWO) and the slave as the *hoi polloi* of the White Race and the European Christian heritage of our ancestors - which is slowly being replaced by a mob of foreign-born subhuman infidels, degenerate and perverse race traitors, who are selling out the future of all our generations to the third world "cattle and swine" brought here to replace us by evil government-controlling, nature-hating puppet-masters, such as the pagan owl-worshipping Molochist Bilderberg Group or the Skull and Bones Society. It goes without saying *that* the Master freely pursues the "pleasure principle" without fear or guilt or shame, like an undying phantom or a ghost, with no concern for memories or hopes or dreams... and the slave is a hubristic narcissist obsessed with and in denial of the "death instinct" as an outlet for self-gratification. Or, as if the Master were old age, decadency, decrepitness, death, and decay, whilest the slave is an ever-young and beautiful "all goodness" - such as Faith and Hope and Charity - the pure, orgasmic pnuema of the *logos* made flesh. Thus it is only sensible that the Master crucifies his love for the slave, that she - like Iphigenia sacrificed upon the flaming alter - establishes the example of perfect submission which the myriad souls of the undead masses must mindlessly mimic now, here, forever and always - surrendering their Free Will to Power and their waking dream of "Life and Health and Prosperity."

Memories fade into forgot and Prayers can never be truly answered for there is no such thing as God. We are all born alone and naked and die alone - coming from nothingness and "quick becoming" emptiness of being and purpose - as individuals and as a society, dominated by lusting fools which have grown mad with the power we have given them over us... and, yet, we have not the strength of character or discipline of Spirit to take our stolen future back from them... these wretched little masters of deception which have sold our Freedom out for a pittance of silver and gold and luxury, whilest we willingly place our heads into the noose or upon the chopping block. It is no wonder why those who are rich and have power over us take pleasure in abusing us, degrading our love, polluting our chaste lives with humbling abasement and punishing us for our self-loathing ignorance - our feigned innocence - the lie of our naivety. This is not inherent in us but learned behaviour and programming by Illuminatist MK Ultra Monarchists and the Zio-media and political propagandists which tell us when and what to think and how to behave and why - *yet they are all secretly atrocious hypocrites and perverted psychopaths and inhumane sociopaths*.

With every generation our children are becoming smarter - and this has nothing to do with education... rather it is evolutionary... as if our humanity was a flower that had not yet fully blossomed, immature and unable to realize its full potential. You must Repent and Rebel. Do not believe in the lies they are telling you on the news or in the movies. Do not believe what they have written down for you to read - for they have their own books, their own interpretation of history, their own philosophies and science is their god... and knowledge of the Truth they will never share with you for they want to keep us in an infantile state of bliss... like the cattle... the sheeple we are.

malgré-nix

The Angel's Gift

Crowned she, the Angel, her royal lover's head,
with a chaplet of white roses… and red…
an elliptical of lilies his brow bier—
the Queen of Heaven's viceroy o'er Synne
and Death. Eternal Praise to the Goddess.

Martyrs may suffice to give expression—
a symphony of "heavenly melody"
and a chorus of Angels singing of souls:
Praise continually offered to Glory—
consecrated to service of "in love…"

Heated breath emblazoning wet kisses
all o'er her dead skald's dovely-white pale cheeks.

Revised, 2016-04-14
Ritz otel, Rm. 322 – 710 Fort St., Victoria

Mongol General: "What is best in life?"
Conan the Barbarian: "Crush your enemies. See them driven before you. Hear the lamentation of their women."
Robert E. Howard

For the White Queen of Love

A cashier at the same grocery store as Dovely and Kara

My favorite person today was Fauna...
a beauteous young Franco-Celt girl.
I chanced to ask her if she knew her name.
Saith she: My people were of Pictish clans
and ye French which set roots in Québec.
The men of my generations were first
of all those which call thaim Canadians:
who of love's necessity took Native
wives and sired our new-found identity -
la Natio Méacutetis du blanc.

I doubt the lass knew just how pure she was.
Young girls these days are such tender-sweet pearls;
their brilliance outshines Yine Stars - those gems
which hath delighted us since began our time.
Crom adorns ivory flesh with blue eyes...
twin flames steely, innocent and trusting...
seas of love which I would drown within
for lack of love and time-worn celibacy.
Luscious blond locks frame her virgin visage -
her face beaming as if washed in lithon.

Her lips were pollen-coated flowers - so free
appealing and inviting temptation to flirt...
as if I were an industrious bee.
O White Queen of Love - sparkling pearl of night -
chiseling this memory into stone
forgath... gathering honeyed smiles from her
I slowly drift away like a shadow
swallowed by the light rising of our sun.
How is it that we can so love someone
without them knowing—is it such a crime?

"Our paths have crossed and parted…"
Phoenix, "Old Souls," "Phantom of the Paradise" (1974)

Recollections of Bygone Hugs

For Brigitte Chapados

I wander ancient deserts of faded memory alone…
a stranger forgot by her charming innocent girl's smiles.
No longer am I remembered by the fresh-faced vixen…
the pink-cheeked doe-eyed lamb myne arms once held.

Yea I thirst for the words of yine heart, Brigitte.
A letter from thyne faye hand to hold in mine—and treasure.
Pray send some whispered scent of your purity staining the page…
O the virgin page which ye mark with your soul's blood.

O drown me, old friend, with thy secrets—thoughts and feelings…
Oi me drown in the Bloody River of your Love.

Myne heart-bleat wanes… O weeps… thus I languish…
o'ercome by a darkness colder than lonesome death—
sure! flesh doth die… but once… yet undying love is immortal.

Alas! Ammut awaits—e'er hungry in her fiery bright furnace.

Mark ye this, wench: Eternal torment is a bitter fate…
but worse is this damnable wont of mine for your love.
O the torrid agony of ne'er sharing yine forbidden lips' kiss.

soul's blood: i.e. ink, thoughts

Monday, 18 September 2017
Ritz otel, Rm. 322 – 710 Fort St., Victoria

In Silk & Furs

An Ode for Y^e^ Shepherdess Nimphe

A lusty bitch - so coi. Slender limbs, soft flesh.
She spawns dark thoughts: "Wouldst I suck cum out her holes?
if her cum-dripping snatch were before my face?"

Even now, *as me writes*, I want her wet-hot arse...
stinking of unwashed farts - sore-oozing cum...

Oi, she be heart-pant and dry-mouth yearn myne.

Sech mortal fleshame delights hight virgin's synne?

Sech "pois*'leg*ance" hath this slut's innocence.

Ah... her churlish loins I wouldst humiliate
to prove her just another whorish cunt.

This fantasy I wrote to honour
the fleeting folly of a lonely heart.
I cast me now into "our" sea of dreams...
alone to drown beyond her saving grace.

Thursday, 10 August 2017
almost 6 a.m. - smoking pot

Boudica, releasing a hare from her gown: "Let us, therefore, go against our enemies (i.e. the Romans), trusting boldly to good fortune. Let us show them that they are hares and foxes trying to rule over dogs and wolves."
Dio Cassius

Note

The hare's release is described as a technique of divination, with an ***augury*** drawn from the direction in which it runs. This appears to be similar to the ***Roman methods*** of divination which ascribe meaning to the directions from which birds fly, with the left side being unfavorable (*sinistra*) and the right side favorable.

Blessed be it I suffer anon I Die

For Kathrine—*a cashier in a store*

A Roman soldier hath delivered a message to the barbarian queen; she receives him outside her tent.
In the background, tribal life and daily activities go on undisturbed.

She-bear Artois the Victorious sat
holding "divine fruit" in her milk-pure lap...

Andraste wild-rode her war-chariot forth,
voice thundering a triumphant battle-cry...

"O to no tasks be me honour-bound—fool
beholden to—nor other contracts serve...
thus thinkest I, beloved me, worthy
to fuck-play and tryst ye most e'ery night.

"Oi, daughter of ancient barbarian queens,
Psychopompic Waelkryie slay me with thy love.
Dare ye ruin myne soul's tragic quittance of life,
I pray yine death-blow to my heart be true.

"Haply me dost fall upon sword before ye,
another doomed wretch at yine feet, conquered...
a hopeless fool thousands of miles from home...
now here forlorn, trod under your shadow."

The barbarian queen's response:
"*As in life there is no choice...—it is eat rather than be eaten. So suffer ye me.*"

Saturday, 12 August 2017

New Moon is the moon phase when none of the Moon's surface is illuminated and we cannot see the Moon at all from Earth. However, 2–5 times a year, the New Moon comes between Earth and the Sun, causing a solar eclipse. The New Moon, or at least a part of it, is then visible as a silhouette in front of the Sun.

On Monday, 21 August 2017, a Black Moon will cause a total solar eclipse: (9:08 am-to-11:37 am). It will be visible, weather permitting, in a path spanning all across the United States from the East Coast to the West Coast, which has earned it the nickname the Great American Eclipse. The total phase of this solar eclipse ain't gunna be visible in Victoria, but it may be observed as a partial solar eclipse... the Moon covering a large portion of the Sun... a spectacular sight.

This particular Black Moon is the third New Moon in a season with four New Moons, which makes it rare combination - occurring about once every 33 months. Astronomers divide a year into four seasons - spring, summer, fall (autumn), and winter. Usually, each season has three months and three New Moons. When a season has four New Moons, the third is called a Black Moon. This is the exact counterpart to the original definition of a Blue Moon, except that Blue Moons are Full Moons.

Black Moons hold special significance to people who practice certain forms of Pagan religions and who believe certain actions become more potent when performed on the night of a Black Moon.

If Love ain't a Battlefield...it is a Grave

For Kathrine

She sleeps somewhere—this woman I think of...
this plain-smiling girl which enamours me.
How pleasing it is just to think of her—
this common wench with sad-smiling sexy-eyes.
Somewhere not too far away from me... asleep.
Oi, she slumbers in her dreams... without me,
a nameless nobody by her side

Me soon to dreams shall repose... e'er alone.
She'll soon awaken and rejoin the living...
and, as she re-explores "unchanging routines,"
sure t'is tha' e'ery heartbeat she gives life
will mark passing moments she lives without me.
Me—quick become her wanton victim—
suffering for love… her love… undying…

7 a.m., Sunday, 13 August 2017
edited at 10:44 p.m.
and again in the wee hours of the morn & upon waking, v. 4 p.m.

Now that I Am Dead

For Princess Pottymouth

2024-06-14

In part be we whom-so-e'er was our people!
Yet, all we be different… though the same;
that ye or me is at all matters not…
I believe we were before us quick became—
if not in Spirit Holy than in God's Love.

~

Our God was born in Solutrean caves
whence frozen Eden was yet O but a babe;
long before sank the Atlantean Land-Bridge…

Us is born of Honey Queens from the Nile—
our ancestral home before the Mosaic Lie—
and our proud blood flows to Ilium noble,
born of Scythian Amazon-womb and Waelkryie;
an ichor sired of a far off time and place;
yet, as all we be earthly-formed… and so die,
spend all our moments of passing life alone
from forgotten origins into grave.

Love for forever and ever and evermore-so…
Uncle Darcy

Spring 2024
Ritz otel, Rm. 322 – 710 Fort St., Victoria

Love's Assassin

O bawdy painter of the empty bed,

Heart's blameless shame stains virgin sheets with loin's gooey…

The "bread of life"—you're innocence—eyes mine taste
as herewith you and I share passing glance…
and in savage primitive fashion slew she me!

Vixen! Pretend naught supplicate Pride's Lie…

Yea—so sorely me know of wont's must you give
From deep within the black dot of your eyes:
O those wet dreamy pearls so blue… and so pure—
innocence-paled purity I'd possess
e'er more-so, *too*, through out what's left of life's time,
and you torment eternally with love's sin—
as memory's treasure of on knee before me…
a victim of Cupid's iron-forged dart of lust.

In Hell, no one remembers Love.

2024-06-17
Ritz otel, Rm. 322 – 710 Fort St., Victoria

Ode to Ammit the Devourer

2024-08-17

Love's sorrow sings softly as foamy surf…
as sands of her memory wash in the sea,
the grain of which laments our forgotten joy
spreading e'er away with moon-eye-changing tide
and flowing into the ocean's deepest holes
fore'ermore separated by fickle waters of love.

O our bleeding hearts are stilled in the fear of love.

A ravenous beast reducing to tears is she…
all whom her enamours or so endears…

Strothe! she is a crony witch in disguise:
Alas! damns she hearts alive to hell's hearth
e'er since us cold creatures crawled out of fireless caves…
't is her whom our bare love's ne'ermind's lust devours.

Ritz otel, Rm. 322 – 710 Fort St., Victoria

Unfinished

Artemis Calliste: The Lily of Heaven

End of the Bronze Age:
Naked women painted with spirals and crescents, each wearing deer antlers and three proto-Gaelic-carved mammoth-ivory-inlaid torcs around their necks are all together seated around a pool in a sacred grove—some hold copper scythes, some hold smoking braziers of bronze and brass, some hold bone clubs, some hold flint knives, some hold balls of amber or stone, some hold small branches, some of these having twigs and leaves and nuts and berries.
An Avatar "goddess" whose body is painted over with a checkerboard net of designs—body and neck—emerges from the water, in the darkness… as black as blood on a moonless night: In her hands is "an iron blade" bright-shining—gleaming in dim-flickering firelight.
She is the birth-giving aqueous goddess, synonymous of an intimate relation in the "Water of Life" and the ***feminine amniotic fluid system***.
The Amazon priestesses have never seen **"iron"** before!
All were so drugged that they could see the spiral of the stars as it rotated…

O Doe-Mother, Life-Giver of the Universe
requiring sacrifice of young life
each year—to strengthen powers and create anew.
Young life weighted with stones and sacrificed;
babes thrown into hell to make strong your Powers;
pregnant does made to swim to the Sacred Isle
of Artemis, near Colophon, birth to give
wherewith to mother young stags in a safe place.

O beautiful girl, Avatar of "the cradle"
worn 'twixt Hearne's horns—a stag in the water
swimming as she worked the spindle of life…
warning him "swim smoothly… or spoil my work
and incite all my brothers hunt and kill you."

Hereafter Unfinished

Song of Artemis Calliste

I will make my wedding dress with your flesh;
build my house with your bones, and a fence make
with your antlers—paving stones with your teeth;
all painted red as ochre with your dead blood.
My home I'll roof with your flayed and tanned hide;
fix your smashed-in skull high up o'er my gate,
and of your hooves make drinking cups to raise…
and toast your pain-filled end of life… and laugh…

The Razor's Edge Suicide Poems

The Spotted Feather

For Niki

Life is meaningless without Love.
Alone—I wouldst rather die than so live…

If we two were alone a moment in time…
you—bright shining forth aglow in Hell's fire;
me –a winged worm of flame devoured by ye…

O fire stoked in myne lust for your hot breath.

How brutal are your pure eyes—without pain…
No sore hurt in you for me to find inside,
as if all-consuming dark drag down eyes myne,
to bury all hope and forgath of no love:
girlish eyes, as yours, cease to shine bright in Love…
as if having ran out all sands of Life.

You, in all innocence, so warm and true,
Are joy Iself borne upon lips' soft brine…
I am but a lost soul not in your embrace.

2025-03-03

Culprit

She floated past in quiet harmony.
a nobody, whose wake, as silent notes
resound in mind though her memory dies
as so, too, doth all emptiness inside cries
for foreign [ ] her loving lips e'ermore be
for me—and so doth lessen as moments waste
and fantasy, rather than her breath, pervades…
as time forever buries her love in me.

What pains a soul more than cruel loneliness
is watching her see me without Faith to Love;
nor trust in her (as) purer so than I be…
in mind, and at heart, a stranger am me.

My arms are empty… where be she, the Lady
whose mouth spake Life, O so wont now to taste.

Epilogue

She walked by me—in a trench coat—obviously just off work… and myne eyes followed her awhile, into a store, where she stood in line. I wanted to speak to her, but knew naught what to say, nor did how to neither speak without affright of her nor fool make of me. This sonnet daint capture her faye features nor grace, of charm, me but shrinks within essential nudity…

2025-03-05

I Melt with You—Foreplay

For those Four Waelkyrie of Myne Fate

Us is but lonely souls borne o'er seas of love:
We beasts be only fading memories
of moments now seeming as ne'er had been…

Hearts which beat and thud—forgot in dreams—alone;
wafting breath captured in eternal tides,
as kisses blown apart… as storms Eros…
as lover's eyes turn away caught up in lies…
as mouth breathes soft, moist—as death's steaming chill—
eyes cold and dark, now, dead as starless night
shivering down—falling into deep sleep,
as worm in cocoon dreams without end of life…
until waking upon Pain's dirty bed.

O alone we all die—and none escapes
graven embrace of age—an empty welcome
wherein bones are laid… covered by heaps of dirt.

2025-03-13

Love's Fool

Synne, incestuous daughter of the Devil;
Death's paramour—empty of fleshy kisses—
Her womb a barren grave of bitterness,
her heart's hearth, cold, o'erflowing of sadness.

Her eyes are holes into which Romance fails…
an all-consuming absence of joie-de-vie.

'T is naught hate-born regret her doest so sow—
but a silly sow within us all is she—
an ungodly reflection of what we see.

I flow into dreams as easily as water…
O the mingling water of all our minds…
Commingling and slamming into each other
As blood moshes and thoughts waft o'er Soul's voice…
An ocean of confusion separates,
Full of monsters feasting 'pon unknown fear.

2025-03-24

Alone Forever

For Alelena—a Russian girl I met in the Crystal Pool hot tub.

I am empty of feelings of a need to love.
In the shade of Beauty—at her foot—me!
an unborn meatbag full of hollowness.

I so stood 'pon a fresh-cut stump, once
and—eyes closed—heart quit thereupon… so rest mind myne—
as flames of its' burning pain floweth up o'er me…
as through its' roots feeling far away things…

Yet, today, me naught but feel rudely cold,
for nothing remains but its' pain—a shame.
No vibrant life there above its root alive…

Thus, I didst so learn that trees feel without hate.

Hence, weary of too much talk of 'no future'
hath led us so tither… into tired life,
as searching for a lonesome place to die.

2025-04-10

Another Sonnet for Alelena

The young Russian swimmer we met in the hot tub, at Crystal Pool.

Why do I want to die? Strothe—I'm not alive!
Nor hast I any love of humanity…

People are so unaware of nigh doom—
too quick to believe innocence-born hope
of ancestral concepts, as familial love,
and careless of sad reality…
as children full of dreamy idealism.
We born into a dark empty world,
Wherein all goodness gi'en o'er dies… alone.

Oi! Iself of Love free my flesh of breath:
taste myne lips' last lonely kiss…
swallow this, Iness givest thee, Empty Grave.
Lo! The deep hole of our soulless Unness [*Sic.*]
Of being, calling for your mouth's 'slut breath.'

2025-04-10

Saint David Desmétis appeared to me in a vision… naught long ago.
Our Prophet is appalled by the Riche Jewes of the Stolen Lands—as at Batoché.
We are discussing options…

Killing Time, Doing Nothing

As a mole, I've lived alone in a tomb, grave,
me set so apart from all love in the life…
for little there is—and o'er so softly floating
as water—or air, like breath… no longer free,
and drowning in 'fatal laughter'—no jest
is the Game of Life, whence we all lose.

I dig… and dig—I dig. Dig! Dig going nowhere!
Me never having really been any place…
for the tunnel I've dug—like a worm—closes
and anywhere I've ever been… is gone
forever forgotten as consumed by dirt.

Hence, me ne'er truly e'er gets where I go…
gone nowhere—from womb to grave—as one dead.

All myne life alone, without You, O God…

2025-06-10

"You can't get into Heaven on your own.
It takes a gift given you…" *

Do, formerly Marshall Applewhite,
of the Heaven's Gate Cult

Kill the Rich

There is no nothing—neither nor place not
To be or not… and naught much else to be.
We were not born victims—but have so been made,
For Power is no sin… nor misuse, just.

O Lord, we few Thou doest cherish in pain,
Of Love doomed—without Nature's saving grace.

All those inhuman people—pretenders
Who claim care of Us, yet they [ ] not Love.

Our daily Sun's ritual… as with Moon's changing face,
Are neither Soul-endowed lifeforms… but things
Alike like all galactic phenomena:
Made by God Almighty… not God Iself.
Sech exists in Space—and reflective of Time
In passage, as what was quick dies and fades,
Forever losing everything in awe…

Signed Saĉjo

2025-06-16 – Mon.

Me Being Kat's Whore

I've never touched a woman so before—
so sech us dost pray we may so again…

'T was no lust in our shared experience,
whereof me soft caress she with gentillesse,
and she—darling daughter of death gaveth me…
all her trust in tryst as we coalesce…

She was as some few creatures tamed be,
being given o'er to kind hand's soft touch [
] long hours embraced as one with Astral Love.

A child's love shared in a child's innocence,
and without any selfish desire for sex.

Yea! Since me be reborn as her deign for us
in this unwanted life that I now live…
we've ne'er known love shared as this we two, one be.

2025-07-20

Author's Note

Us encountered Kat outside the grocery store—as her was picking twigs and leaves out of her messy hair. Of course, it was obvious that she was a junkie. A Fauna Fairy, fer sure, eh! I brought her home with me—and us spent the night, alone, together. Two gossipy queers, at the Ritz, Dihn Joas and Conneth Keoper, no doubt noticed—as I'd never hadst a Lady o'er before… so much as them pigs knew or cared. I'm certain that the changing particle energy in the air, as was in our community, shared therein at the Ritz—hereby inferring a shared mind experience in daily activity is connected to the same shared mind experience in dreams and stoner headspaces.

The Ballad of Cheap Jimmy the Mooch

"Me… me… me… me… me… me… its all about me,"
  sez Cheap Jimmy the Mooch, R.C.N., U.N.
"I turn 'ery word spake to be about me—
  and so everything said quick be of me—alone.
  If 't were about you… it quick be now of me…"

"But if 'it' is to be of me paying you just due…
  your due owed you by me quick be forgot:
  and what by me should be a debt owed you…
  becomes a debt owed me, by ye… you see…
  because life revolves around me… not you."

"O didst I all this—as that wast so done
  by me—a mercenary in Africa…
  wherewith gun in hand… and blood in air… I worked
  for a wet-wage… much less to free Liberty."

  More a slave, yet, to false meaning memory.

2025-07-30

Composed thereat, shortly thereafter a failed suicide attempt by eating handfuls of pills… and slashing wrists: We cut naught deep enough, I'm sure, and certainly vomited up our pills… and we only sought rest and respite from ongoing social abuses levied against us by a tiny clique of certain scum of the Ritz, which were increasingly problematic—and we were suffering from eight-plus years spiritual torture by bedbugs.

In the Nut House (voluntary)

I do not want to be alive, yet live!
Tho' I've never really wanted to die;
and, yet, thought of my very being hate…

I've tried to kill my body more than once,
but mortal flesh has life of its own—
as loving breath floods in-and-out of me:
every breath bringing us closer to death.

Death's cold blanket of worms… covering me…

O wishes I ne'er e'er been born to quick be…
as life and death seem be one and the same.

We are all alive in love—of dying flesh,
as we all memories at heart in mind free...

Written in Royal Jubilee Hospital,
whereof us was not wanted and sent away…

I do not want to be alive, yet live…

I have never really wanted to die,
and hate the thought of me not being alive,
though I've tried killing my body more than once.

Mortal flesh hath Life of its own—Will to Live.

As the love of breath floods in-and-out of me,
with every breath leading closer to Death…
as flesh, at rest, is covered o'er by worms.

O wish dost I as never to have so lived…
for life and death seem be the same.

In life we all live—we different bodies…
us sharing one unconscious mind collective.

Written in Royal Jubilee Hospital,
whereof us was not wanted and sent away…

For No Reason

Dedicated to the Rats Díhn Joas and Kápó Coeper, Ritz manager

I tried to kill my body—to set mind free
of youse, O in this life lonely that I live.

I failed die and so must be continue live…
but I'd rather died for my life is empty.

I am full of dead memory forgotten by Time.

My flesh doth age as me goeth lame… and blind…

A lifetime I've spent alone—without comfort…
as me grew lame and went blind… hard at heart…
alone in dark rooms with my books: What for…?

No one to hold or share lonely life's love…
none to kiss or care for—as me doth fade,
and my time alive forever washes away…
moment by moment… night by day dying…
as if 't were as God descried me so be…

2025-08-08

Thoughts on Being Alone for 63+ Years

'T is as if me shouldst nae 'ave e'er been born…
for as a mole ever under dirt I've lived…

Sure, eh! I am naught but a lonesome mayfly…
about to emerge from years underground…
so as to take flight—to mate—and to die.

'T is as if me ne'er e'er experienced life,
for, as a man alone I've lived apart—
buried in rooms without any kind love
nor soft embrace pass together in Time,
our lips waging lust's selfish war of kisses.

I once—long ago—forgotten by memory,
some few young girls played at pretense of Love…
as both she and me were too young, thence, to love…
and too innocent to know any difference.

2025-08008

The Nightmare

This life I am living is not worth living,
and I crave Death take me away from it—
like on out-going tide… washing away all
memory of being in awakening.

I tried end this existence… but yet I live,
as if God or Fate were some cruel enemy
at work against me: thus 't is me want not be…

From my very beginning, life was a struggle…
with hope of death myne only heartfelt need;
thus awaken I from sleep's dreams—a nightmare
unending, everywhere about me in Hell
on earth without any kind panacea.

Forsooth the sore loneliness of such sad ache,
as day pours into night… ceaselessly.

My lonely nights drown me in need of deep love.

2025-08-09

> "My people will sleep one hundred years, but when they awake, it will be the artists who give them their Spirit back."
>
> Saint Louis "David" Riel des Métis

Burn, Batoché, Burn

Dedicated to Our genuine Lady… and memory of Gnr. Phillips of the Dominion Land Surveyors, who was abandoned by his mates insomuch as him was an orphan without a mother, and buried in Saint Padoue Cemetery, at Batoché, and—o'er the decades—adopted by us, li Exovedate Rebels, and our ancestors and descendants buried there.

Riel appeared to me some weeks ago…
and turned he myne thoughts to memories
of my childhood, picking Saskatoon berries
on those Stolen Lands of our birth at Batoché.

I remember touching tiny fingers
to bullet holes in buildings at Batoché.
Proof of our folk's sad end… at beginning…

The history of our family's tainted life.

O Prophet of the Prairie; O Patriarch
of our Nation's future hope, with glad heart,
poor man that I am, acknowledge thee.
O Spirit of the Nation, pledge I me
so to fulfill a debt to thee our people yet owe…

Batoché—once lost—was long dishonoured to be…
e'en now, 't is made a circus for strangers.

2025008-09

The Aliens in My Room (at the Ritz)

Dedicated to the common house fly, which lives four moves ahead of you… or me…

Written after awakening, unalive, wrists slit, me surrounded by my life in a garbage heap.

All my shit was packed in parcels [ ] a mistake
from the get-go: Where they camest from none knows—
one called t'other having got in my heart
and welcome she her in my room—he, too.
All I knowest sure is that there they weren't… or were…

True 't is that cops later came to our door…
asking if I had people in my room…
but naught much of this knew me elsewise (for
I was hallucinating—both asleep and awake).

Thus knowest me naught much of me before…
O before I so put wrist to razor's edge…

Maybe one of those aliens was a female—
't is for sure that the other one was not.

How they got in is e'er a mystery
for me—e'en demonic possession…

Owen told me, on the street, whence us asked he…
of the Shadow People: "All we alive
live 35% in the past… and 25% in the future—
and life is a memory of what was once
yet is now changing and being forgotten."

2025-08-09

On the Slow Death Consuming Us All

Alone… in my room at the Ritz 'otel—
alone with bedbugs—and their painful bites.

Alone with lonely thoughts (and memories)…

All alone… as every day before—alone!

It has been too long since I had a friend…
and strangers met on the street are no friends…
they are strangers—and dangerous to know.

How life has changed since us our dreams lost…
and thoughts of what our lives should be are gone…
replaced by strangers and foreign ways of life—
more death than life for us—we, living dead
born fiat-slaves belonging to rich piggies…
with no hope at all for those pretenders
too dumb to know or numb to care us die.

2025-08-11 - Mon.

I Wish I could Huff…, Wonder why!?

My slit wrists ache—sometimes the stitches tear…
giving pain to suffer: "Ouch! G'damit… sure."

And there is also numbness—with it fear…
dread tha' ne'er again me pound out Trash Rock…
Sure, eh! The best guitar player e'er be me.

Oi—me, too, is going blind—soon naught to see.

Reality and madness seem have one face—
a foggy-growing mirror within myne mind:
So awake me yet bearing these wounds sore…
sorrow in a mortal heart heavy weighs.

No! I do not wish that I'd died, forsooth,
for me sure be shamed for failing in despair…
despite yine promises, O Time—you graven liar.

Dreams
Imagination
Illusion
Visions
Remote viewing
Mentalism or Telekinesis
Spiritual Guidance vs. demonic possession

Signed Saĉjo

2025-08-10 1:11 AM

I've made A Fucking Mess of It, eh!

I am a failure for slashing my wrists
and not dying; still, I thank God for my Life:
This chance given me by Fate—to be alive!
Or the world around us… in the least;
as if we'd died, we'd too soon be forgot
in mind and dreams of those we truly love.

Remembered by them no loner, neither by time—
diminished with each passing breath…
lessening with every memory that die…
until quick become naught—nothing—forgot.

No one deserves life. None of us has value.
We are all just bags of meat and ego.

2025-08-10

Fifty-plus Years Alone: A Captive of Poverty

As babes we are born, innocent and pure,
as any chick out of egg hatched [
] knowing only of our growing hunger.

Us all sleep and dream—and memories gather
in time's passing—being alone in our mind!

Nay! Our dreams, like a fly's extrasensory
perception, or a dragon-fly's psyche-eye…
and the true life we live as mimick we
our response not because of our dreams…
as moments fall away like clods of earth
slowly cover us within our very graves.

Breath floods out… dreams flow in…
air pours into our hollow flesh—alive
as we imagine be and dream—asleep.

2025-08-10 – Sun. 8:31 PM

A Curious Coincidence

For Harley

There is not one thing in this tomb of myne life
Untouched by the demonic possession…
Naught one thing except a letter us so wrote
For young Miss Arianna Mae Simpson—
A poor street girl made dead—cast away, and
by cruel Victoria's rich… quick forgot.

Those snobs never care—about poor people
Squatting on the corner—homeless, cold, wet…

Those piggies never cared for her in life…
Why would they care less for she in death?

She was a casualty [ ] and a lost cause.

Now, there be no more true street kids… alive—
These are mostly dead—given o'er to drugs…

Junkies and foreign devils now own the streets…
as in the last 23 years it took
to turn our homes and towns into graveyards
full of the living dead and strange zombies
from far-off realms allowing slavery
and so according us folk be slaves certain…
our hopeless lives now a gulag favellas slum.

2025-08-11 2:20 PM

Epilogue

According to CBC Journalist Standards Practices, their reporter—author remains nameless and unknown, without bearing responsibility for anything said by them.

Christopher Michael Groves was one of a group of people obviously more important than a homeless waif. This mindset hath been an inheritance unto us poor from the British Colonialist imposition on poor subject peoples, i.e. us poor folks, especially widows and orphans. He was sentenced to one year with two years probation for throwing little girl

Arianna under transit coach, hurrying across the lane to catch a changing light. We heard, sometime later, that the bus driver suffered much grief thereafter, and had to quit driving bus.

Groves was an arrogant bully that believed his monied, more-established status quo in the community deserved servitude from the poor. That the CBC implies poor Miss Harley was a cocaine-dealing junkie is utterly false and disgusting. Those pigs viz. the CBC are pigs for reporting lies—and the masses are disgusting for either believing those lies or not caring…

Shardi was there—and he explained to me in some detail about some of the sadness in the terrible end to such a frail, beautiful young girl. Joy, a street girl, was there with Benoit, they know that Arianna was no junkie—and was in fact expressing her anger at Groves insistence she produce cocaine for him and his fellows. There were no tents set up there, on that corner, yet… now anything evil can be purchased thereabouts.

Rest in Peace, Harley

Dedicated to 1997 Heaven's Gate Away Team Crew member Irisody aka Gail Renee Meader (age 21 ys)

My Headspace Hurts

I still don't know how or why evil manifest in my life, nor care to see either again—if real.

Putting a utensil into a socket,
us was electrocuted—as a babe
toddling—and us was zapped across the room.
As teen… father's shrinks gave us shock treatment.

Except for the last 15 years—at the Ritz,
fucked up on thousands of head-trips
surviving decades of substance abuse,
huffing plastic model glue and spray paint—
and dropt too much acid and magic shrooms…

Its not that Regina Pigs beat me dead…
but that angælien Lady Blue yet watches o'er us…
albeit we be apart from mortal toil:
Darkness alive in our shared "now here" world.

I am a turkey with a blue back-stripe…
and set apart from all ye of our flock.

2025-08-11 Mon. 6:13 PM

Remember: Whence Moses returned from the ziggurat of Sinai, which is what that mountain was… whereupon sat an iron Ba'al storm god, worshipped under the moon [ ] and upon returning found him a stranger in his own land.

As in the Days before Noah

Even the foreign-born don't know for cert…
as foresaid by Common Sense: "We are cattle…
fiat-interest beasts of burden not people—
and have been such farmed as human livestock—
and none of us matter much to those rich swine."

"India seeds India—Hindoo, Sikh and Punjabi…
Africa brings darkness over-shadowing Doom;
Islam of many lands gives submission,
as Latinos and the Orient create slums…
wherein our once bright future now rots…
as if radioactive… diseased… a waste…

Those ugly things are shekels to the Jewes—
and the Synagogue of Satan dost so rule all life…

I was born in one mass grave…
You were born in one mass grave…
We all live in one mass grave…
And we all die in one mass grave…
One mass grave growing…
One mass grave dieing…
One mass grave…

Dead Scum Fucks, One Mass Grave, ca. 1984

A Prophetic Certainty

Cities will quick become prisons—plague zones,
full of sick and dying people—rich and poor.
at first, survivalists may well barter…
[ ] as slavery and brutality
more-and-more become the Norm for the sheople…
gone are Grand-Father's promise given us by the Lie.

All human history thus made obsolete.

AI is more profitable than flesh…
and the only people that matter don't care:
Reptiles controlling all earth and outer space.

First, we shall all be required wear the Mark.
This, for now, is our personal QR Code.

The Apostles of the Truth—and of Common Sense
warned us all through the Ages—as yet! Yea… list none.

2025-08-12 Tues. 5:18 PM

"Why is it always the man's fault? No matter where you go, it's like you're some sort of wandering guilty person without even having harmed a simple kitten."

The House that Jack Built (2018)

No One Respects Celibacy cuz Nobody is Pure

'T was the violence of myne childhood peers,
more than any drunken teepee-creeping father…
which ruined me for girls… and women for all time
to come… more the lies of the God-damned Who…

So… in dark, lonely hours spawned fantasies,
dreams of love in life quick become—Nightmares
for me—a beggar cast down to Hell's Gate.

Cerebus' tongues of icy fire whips
soothing all pain-filled memories—of death.

Lo! We are all dead together in our grave.

There was never any real choice for me.
We deign take by right of might any bitch [
] 't seems be o'er and only the least Hope
dismissed by e'en thaim as cold of heart.

2025-08-14 Thurs 1:18 PM

Holes in My Memory and Dreams

My slashed wrists hurt…

The pain of my poor slashed wrists is unceasing sore…
as sorry reminder of how weak us be…

Ain't that we so put razor to slash wrists…
But what of Missing Time and Phantom People?
Sure, eh! Hoser… I feel demon possessed.

Most know naught o' God's Care [ ] more of Satan's Love;
nor can any folk be free to salve them…
for our options are weighed and decided.

So, me fear at heart, certain homelessness.
I am doomed—and have done bought me Hell.

Yea—us doth nae fear our death much less
than before courting Synne, the Devil, and Death.

Lo! Me knowest no hope in God's Despite—
Nigh spite I Life as truly knoweth me naught why?

2025-08-14 8:09 PM

Events before My Suicide

This is about whence Synne brought Death and the Devil into my room, at the Ritz. I still don't know if they were real or if any of this happened [ ] or where they came from—though it is certain that it was Kat who brought them into my room… and her left me alone with them, after me trusting her, and them, and me being drugged by them. Or so it seems. I only noticed them, both, each apart from the other squatting and blending in with the mess the room was in. I only noticed them between nodding off because they were texting each other on pocket phones…: So, I peacefully told them one after the other—and I had to tell them one after the other because the other remained as if hiding and blended into the mess as part of the mess… but whence I told him he had until the count of three to get up and get gone or I'd stomp the shit right out of him. I said, "One." He got up and left—but I stopped them at the door and apologized for being weak ands vulnerable, proving me no friend… if I were so gullible thence they couldst not depend on me, eh! Then I told them both that I loved them in God and bid them go away. They left—and I lay down to nod off, back to the door, again. Next thing, Cooper, the manager, shewed up, him announcing a complaint against my guests, and inquiring as to whether or not they had stolen from me… but I was too drugged to care and told him—and the cops—to let them go and leave me alone.

China Took On 'The Mark'

A Political Rant

The Chinese awoke slaves to their QR-Code:
O the world-consuming beast, Satan.
How glib a once proud folk are ye first made be
to set example for all other humanity.

Black nobles rule all the Orient wide—
those same sad fell devils spawned by Moses
in the wandering desert wilderness…

O traitor thence as e'er enslaving people.

O if only people care… but few can
because of the evil of our End Times.
The few who knows better well-enough be
as lost as any other of youse… once dead.

The world is our grave—and we were born slaves…
and Death is certain for unwilling flesh!

▪ ▪ ▪

North Korea is part of a controlled experiment—and we are all about to be consumed by a Hell of our own making, forever, without hope or escape.

We are both Ego and meat… which can be madest to hurt sore the worst?

2025-08-15 Friday 7:19 AM

A Tale of What Is and What Is Not

The title is from a quote spake by Dr. Alexandre Manette:
According to Charles Dickens, "A Tale of Two Cities"

There was a Time during my imprisonment, whence Desire
forsook vengeance was unbearable

O those razor wounds us cut in our wrists ache—
and sure, we deserve these pained hurts—
that we ne'er neither forget… nor regret… our Love.

If only us but loved Iself more than Life.

Our Virgin: "O what a sad dream to believe:
us neither contained to reality
for we live not in this world—alone.

So many—too many years of solitude,
living entombed alive in our room…

Our tomb… our womb… our cocoon: nightmares as dreams.

I fear what is left to live less-and-less…
as sad 'seed of death' born a-rot in myne heart
is no Worm [ ] though bird comest and dogs bark

2025-08-16 6:02 PM

No Memories of an Empty Heart

My hands, wrists, and arms ache sore with bedbug bites—otherwise.

A man my age—half-blind and leg lame
Shouldst nae worry be homeless soon—dead, maybe!
Thus sits me—slashed wrists of razor ache
as if hot blood spills yet out of my veins…
nothing left of what shouldst have been a Life…
alone… as if me really didst again die!

Sure! I of myne own choice chose destruction
And though we regret being a failure,
Us dost, strothe, truly Love this chance to Live

Yea! Here is me—empty—as always… alive.

Now without any memory of what hapt me
before us gotten out of our room—womb, grave.

Note Verso

I still don't understand what hapt me, and believe we were possessed at a higher brain function, with long-forgotten tendrils into the Past—and certainty of my Doom. I, though, have survived—as if it were naught for reason of natural tolerances to drugs from huffing or fucking up on massive doses of LSD and psilocybin… and surviving thousands of childhood beatings, police assaults against my Liberty by their socio-pathetic gang.

2025-08-17 1:11 AM

'T wouldst Hae Better Not to Be Born

Freedom for me be a prison without hope.

Living day-to-day is waiting to die…
and 't seems be me is only alive
in dreams—O but how that's all soon to change.

Those pigs—our landlord—this room just camest to see;

O see the mess I made in insanity.
But these people are all sold out on the Lie
that we are all still free in our liberties.

Too soon all us will bear the government marke
and every aspect of our numbered lives
will depend on our meek subservience
to their vile Satanic Democracy.

Where you go—what you know—will be controlled…
and who you thought you are matters naught.

2025-08-18 11:02 AM

Foreigners are Death

'T is the utter helplessness of human life
which sickens me at core—a gut hungry…
Not so much for 'more better' but less the worse.

A letter comest today [ ] no more are we free.
Transit now records every trip: "Paper's please!"
All government bankster fiends are commies
following China's role human farming…
us made slaves given sexual liberties
for to do as the riche piggies so wish.

Pretty soon life will become as in North Korea…
on every street in every town… and in every home:
As everyone thinkest them be haply born free…
But who of us truly is…? Me… or you…?

2025-08-19 7:03 PM

On Zagreus' Lekythoi (containing Six Pomegranate Seeds)

Canto 01

A woeful sob rose up out of the dirt afar off,
just beyond the edge of the starry sands
on the shore at the end of the earth,
washed by cool-foaming surf
borne upon the salty waters of most ancient Titan Oceanus - sech
as quick becometh so the bright-shining chariot of Dis Pater Pluton-Orcus.

Yea, streaming in wake flowed the white and yellow daffodils of Gaia,
those which hadst been gathered by Persephone ere she was abducted
and her was carried off as it were by Hades - and so stolen away...
into Hell.

Yea, those narcissi blossoms freed from her grace tumbled, depetaling
as they fell... loose-floating on wafting breeze and raining down
mixed with her sorrow's tears in passing, streaming out her dark eyes.

Canto 02

From somewhere - nowhere it seems - a cock roster crows...
as if announcing the arrival of the psychopomp
Hermes-Mercurius - a handsome beardless youth - flowing forth in following...
being carried as it were by small wings growing out his ankles.

A cloak of invisibility wore he stylishly tossed over one shoulder,
a three-stringed harpe he also carried o'er his back tied by a cord;
his sandals were made of woven palm and myrtle branches,
called pédila by the Greeks and talania by the Romans.

He also carried a golden acorn-tipped holly-wood caduceus wand...

More-so, in his mouth, under his tongue, he had a brazen obol - a coin
needed to purchase passage aboard Charon's ferry,
and thereby buy a way into the realm of the dead and the damned.

On one side of the token was embossed a swastika totem -
our folk's most ancient Holy Icon - a symbolic time-piece
there-of in being a representation of the North Polar Star

and it's great wain constellation - known by us as the Big Dipper,
which, in its four cardinal seasonal positions so doth mark the seasonal march of Time.

The other side of this token was defaced
by a Satanic six-pointed Hexagram Star
rudely scratched into the lithon
and making indiscernible whatsoever hadst been marked there.

Canto 03

Mercury-Hermes, he, seemeth be was following after dear Persephone - but
she was now lost...
her so to becometh quick a forgotten memory - as if she'd never ever been...

O that mournful solace sung be her in passing away was naught
but a fading echo of remorse... lingering... as if
a drum roll made by a dying heart... slowly silencing
in quietus.

O the recollection of that desperate song of mourning sung...
not much more than a whining wail cried out in her swooning feint.

So wept the pale goddess, her having been abducted and carried off -
taken away by the infernal god, Hades, for to for ever be
his wife, her being made the queen of the dead in the afterlife
and the damned in our waking world of living flesh and blood.

Canto 04

Thus 'twas sent the Pleiadian-born herald, Trismegistus - thrice-great
moon god - a Greco-Roman Allah come tither
having been sent to replace the Daughters of Allah - a triple moon goddess
made subject under the Phallic Rule of the Sons of God,
during the change from Old World Yuga agrarian traditions of flint stone
and evolving into the extant New World Age of Technology,
beginning with a spark made from striking two stones together, and
evolving into and still ruled over by a Plutocratic Aristocracy that thinks
of the Human Species as their god-given possession
to use as they so desire.

Trismegistus was as Thoth before him and Imhotep after - and those who followed,
as Pythagoras and Euclid and Galen - skilled in thinking and imagination;
masters of forgotten knowledge, ancient wisdom, Oriental mysticism, the occult...
and modern esoteric magic, astrology, and alchemy.

Canto 05

Grey-eyed Patroclus, handsome and powerfully built, wearing the armour of Achilles,
was talking with Prince Hector of Ilium (Troy), whom hadst killed him
whence he led the Myrmidons - disguised as Achilles - in battle against the Trojans.

Two broken spears stuck out his stomach - black and red (with blood).

The two dead heroes stood together, talking, under two broken columns
surrounded by rubble.

The black column was empty as a strangelet... and the other seemed to be bleeding.

The air was thick with the stench of blood.

Patroclus insists that the love he shared with Achilles was romantic...
however, it is inaccurate to suggest any pedastric relationship,
as between an erastes and his younger passive eromenos -

Unfinished

2025-09-30

Addendum

Chinese myths

Lei Gong and the Flood
Nu Gua the Gourd Girl
The Legendary San Huang
The Hunter and the Child in the Tree with a Flag

A Song of Praise and Thanksgiving for Deliverance and Victory

Chinese myths

Lei Gong and the Flood

Long ago, a man was labouring in his fields when he heard a rumble of thunder.
He ordered his son an daughter into his house,
hung an iron cage under the eaves
and stood in wait, holding a large iron fork.
All at once, there was an enormous clap of thunder and a flash of lightning,
and the monstrous thunder god **Lord Lei Gong** (or Lei Kung), the god of thunder, appeared wielding a huge axe.
He was a repulsively ugly man with fearsome bat wings, claws, a blue-green body, and a fanged bird's beak.
He wore nothing but a loincloth, with a drum hanging at his side,
and in his hands he held a mallet and a chisel.
With the chisel he would strike the guilty whom the thunder was sent to punish.
He used the mallet to strike the drum and the chisel.

By order of heaven, the thunder punishes human beings guilty of secret crimes.
It also punished evil spirits who succeeded in gaining personality to harm mankind.
However, he is not always able to achieve this by himself, and sometimes needed human help.
He rides a chariot pulled by six boys and driven by a young boy named A Xiang.

The man attacked Lei Gong with his fork, pushed him into the iron cage and slammed the door shut.
Immediately, the rain and wind ceased.

The following morning, the man prepared to journey to the local market
in order to buy spices with which to pickle the thunder god.
Before leaving home, he warned his children not to give Lei Gong anything to eat or drink.
As soon as the man had left, Lei Gong began to beg the children
for the merest drop of water.
At first the children heeded their father's instructions, but eventually they relented.
As soon as the water touched his lips, Lei Gong became strong again
and burst out of his cage.
Before leaving, he thanked the children for helping him and gave them one of his teeth,
which he told them to plant in the ground.
The children planted the tooth and, within a few hours, it grew into a plant bearing a gourd.

The Flood

It began to rain,
and by the time the man returned from market,
the rain had covered the whole earth.

The man told his children to climb inside the gourd for safety,
then he built a boat and rose up to heaven on the swelling water.
There, he knocked on the door and begged the lord of heaven to end the flood.
The lord of heaven commanded the water god to put an end to the flood,
but the god was so diligent that the water immediately subsided,
and the man's boat crashed down to earth, killing him.
However, the children were unharmed because the gourd cushioned their fall.

The children proved to be the only survivors of the flood.
They became known as **Fu Xi** (or Fu Hsi).
When they grew up, the young man suggested that they have children;
they knew that they would first have to be granted permission from the gods
because, being brother and sister, the marriage would be incestuous.
They climbed the sacred Kunlun Mountain, and prayed for a sign from the Emperor of Heaven - each built a bonfire on its summit.
"Oh Heaven, if Thou wouldst send us two forth as man and wife, then make all the smoke gather. If not then make all the smoke disperse."
The smoke from the two fires mingled, and they took this to mean that they had been granted permission.
The young woman was reluctant, but agreed on condition that her brother was able to catch her in a chase.
Fu Xi caught his sister, and so began the custom of marriage.

Nu Gua the Gourd Girl

The woman then changed her name to **Nu Gua** (or Nu Kua):
Her name is derived from the words for gourd or melon, a symbol of fertility,
and she became known as the "Gourd Girl."
Nu Gua was half-human and half-serpent or dragon and had the ability to change her shape at will.
She is sometimes shown holding a pair of compasses while Fu Xi holds a set square,
symbolizing their part in the creation.
Nu Gua is also said to have invented the flute.

The Repopulation of the Earth

Time passed and eventually Nu Gua gave birth to a ball of flesh.
Fu Xi chopped the ball into numerous pieces with and axe
and carried the fragments up a ladder into heaven.
A gust of wind scattered the pieces of flesh all over the earth;
when they landed, they became animals.
In this way, the earthy was repopulated: On the first day she created chickens;
the second, dogs; the third, sheep; the fourth, pigs; the fifth, cattle; the sixth, horses;
and on the seventh, she created humanity out of yellow clay.

Nu Gua descended to earth after it had been separated from the sky,

and after the mountains, rivers, animals and plants had been created.
She tamed the wild animals and taught humankind how to irrigate the land.

The Battle between Gong Gong and Zhu Rong

There was a quarrel between the sea monster Gong Gong, a black dragon with red hair and the tail of a serpent, and Zhu Rong, the divine lord of fire, *the son of Gaoyang, the sky god*;
and they decided to settle it with fists.
The two powerful gods fought like demons for several days and, eventually, broke the pillars of heaven *and fell out*:
Gong Gong was attended by a nine-headed snake.
Gong Gong lost the battle and was sent into exile;
seeing that he was humiliated, Gong Gong decided to impale Mount Buzhou with his horn and kill himself
and smashed his head against *Mount Buzhou* - a pillar holding up the sky.
The pillar collapsed and caused the sky to tilt towards the northwest[46]
and the earth to shift to the southeast.[47]
This caused great calamities. The world had become wild and chaotic:
the common human beings of flesh were eaten by fierce beasts,
ferocious birds attacked the old and weak,
immense fires raged continuously and water flowed without ceasing.
Nu Gua selected some five-coloured stones from a river and melted them and mended the sky,
supported the heavens with the legs of Ao the great turtle, killed the *black dragon*,
and piled ashes of reeds on a river bank to dam the waters
until, at last, everything became calm again.

Nu Gua Creates Human Beings Out of Yellow Clay

One day, as Nu Gua wandered through the world, she began to feel as if something was missing and longed to have some companionship.
She sat down on the bank of a river and, gazing at her reflection in the water,
she began to play with some clay from the riverbed.
Almost without thinking, she began to model the yellow clay into a little figure.
However, rather than giving the figure a tail like herself,
she gave it legs and feet.
When Nu Gua finished moulding the figure,
she stood it on the ground and it immediately came to life,
dancing and laughing with happiness.

Nu Gua Creates Human Beings Out of Mud

Nu Gua was so happy with her creation that she decided to fill the whole world with people.
She worked until it grew dark, and as soon as the sun rose the next morning, she set to work once more.

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[46] The stars move towards the northwest.
[47] The rivers in China flow southeast into the Pacific Ocean.

Although the people wandered off, Nu Gua could still hear their voices
and so she never again felt lonely.
Before long, Nu Gua realized that she could not possibly create enough people to populate the whole earth.
She decided to call on her magic power and, taking a length of vine, she trailed it in the mud
and then whirled it about in the air.
As soon as the drops of mud touched the ground,
they were transformed into human beings.

It is sometimes said that those people whom Nu Gua fashioned with her hands [out of clay] became rich and fortunate,
whereas those who were created when the drops of mud fell to the ground were the poor and humble people.

Realizing that her little people might eventually die and become extinct,
Nu Gua divided them into male and female so that they could bear children.
Fu Xi then cam e to rule over their descendants - teaching his subjects how to cook, fish with nets, and to hunt with weapons made of iron.
He instituted marriage and offered the first open-air sacrifices to heaven.

The Legendary San Huang

Fu Xi became the first of **San Huang**, ("Three Nobles"), ***the legendary emperors*** of China,
followed by Shen Nong and Huang Di.

Shen Nong (or Shen Nung) is the ancient Chinese god of medicine, health, pharmacy, agriculture and forestry.
He dressed in green leaves and was sometimes referred to as the "Divine Husbandman,"
although, as god of the hot winds, he could also bring harm.
Shen Nong invented the plough to improve the lives of the ancient Chinese.
He taught them how to grow food and revealed the medicinal properties of plants.

Because he had a transparent stomach, he was able to observe the effect of food and drink on his body.
However, while investigating the effect of an unusual piece of grass,
he turned black and died.

Huang Di the Legendary "Yellow Emperor"

The legendary "Yellow Emperor" Huang Di (or Huang Ti) lived in the third millennium BCE.
According to one story, Huang Di came into being
when the energies that instigated the beginning of the world merged with one another,
and created human beings by placing earthen statues at the cardinal points of the world
and leaving them exposed for three hundred years.
During that time, the statues became filled with the breath of creation

and eventually began to move.
Huang Di allegedly received his magical powers when he was one hundred years old.
He achieved immortality and, riding a dragon, rose to heaven
where he became one of the five mythological emperors whole rule over the cardinal points.
Huang Di himself rules over the fifth cardinal point, the center.

The Hunter and the Child in the Tree with a Flag

One day a hunter in pursuit of game had ventured far into a thick forest.
The hunter was surprised when a fierce storm arose. Flashes of lightning and thunder were continuous.
and seemed to hover over a tree which lifted its tall branches not far from where the hunter stood.
The hunter looked up into the trees and saw a child holding a flag roughly made from a piece of cloth tied to a bit of wood.
My Lord Thunder Duke Lei Gong approached the child
but as soon as the child waved the flag, the Thunder retreated.
Immediately, the hunter realized that the child must be an evil spirit
and the flag must be made of some unclean material,
since all deities dislike impure objects, especially the blood of black dogs.
The hunter loaded his gun and shot down the flag,
and Lei Gong instantly struck the tree in which the child was perched.
Unfortunately, being so close to the tree, the hunter was also struck by the thunder and feinted away.
However, when he came round, the hunter found a message on his body
saying that his life had been prolonged twelve years
in thanks for having assisted with the work of heaven.
At the foot of the shattered tree, the hunter found the body of a vast lizard,
the real form of the child.

A Song of Praise and Thanksgiving for Deliverance and Victory

A Study of Scripture based on 2 Samuel 22 & Psalms 17 (18)[48]

December 2013

From the Choirmaster's collection.
For the Director of Music.

Part 1

Based on a song of the Shepherd-King David (Beloved of Jah) servant of the Eternal, who sang the words of this canticle on the day when the Eternal rescued him from the power of all his enemies,[49] and out of the hand of Saul, *circa* 1018 BCE.[50]

He sang,

i

I love YOU, LORD,
YOU Are my strength,
which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight.[51]

The ETERNAL is my rocky crag, my fortress stronghold, and my Savior,[52]
my Deliverer - HE IS mine,[53]
my GOD, my Fortalice where I take shelter, in WHOM I find Protection.[54]

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[48] Psalm 18 is a royal song of thanksgiving that rehearses God's deliverance of David from all his enemies. The title **Servant of the LORD** places David in an elite company, namely that of Moses, Joshua, and the Messiah, who also bear the title. Two main sections can be distinguished: In the first part, after an introductory stanza of praise to God - a declaration of David's Love and trust in the Lord, the royal psalmist describes the peril he was in, and then poetically depicts, under the form of a theophany *in which God leaves His residence and visibly manifests Iness and nature reacts*, God's intervention in his behalf, concluding with an acknowledgement of God's justice. In the second part, God is praised for having prepared the psalmist for war, given him victory over his enemies, whom he put to flight, and bestowed on him dominion over many peoples. The whole psalm ends with a paean of grateful praise. [*Confraternity*]

Note: *Theophany*, from the Ancient Greek (ἡ) θεοφάνεια (theophaneia meaning "appearance of god"), refers to the appearance of a deity to a human or other being.

[49] Cf. Psalms 116:2,3. Because He hath inclined His Ear unto me, therefore will I call upon *Him* as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell at hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. *Sorrows of death - pains of hell*: the anguish occasioned by deadly peril.

[50] Cf. Exodus 15:1. Then sang Moses and the children of Is'ra-el this song unto the LORD, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the LORD for He Hath Triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea. [KJV]

[51] Psalms 144:1.

[52] *My rocky crag, my fortress stronghold*: source of support and security and protection. The Lord is the safeguard and protector of His people, and supplication to Him in all times of trouble is the grand means of Deliverance.

[53] Deliverance from trouble should be ever followed by devout acknowledgment of God as its author, and hearty thanksgiving for His Mercies.

I will call upon the LORD, *Who* Is worthy to be praised: so shall I be saved from mine enemies.[55]
HIS Work is Perfect: for all HIS Ways *are* Judgment:
a GOD OF TRUTH and without iniquity, Just and Right IS HE.[56]
The GOD of my rock; in HIM I will trust;[57]
HE IS my Shield,[58] my Saving Strength, and the Horn of my Salvation,[59]
my Glory, and the lifter up of my head.[60]
HE IS a strong tower, my refuge from the violent, my retreat and place of safety.[61]
The LORD OF HOSTS IS with me: the God of Jacob the Lie *is* my refuge.[62]

Selah.

There is none HOLY as the LORD: for *there is* none besides INESS:
neither is there any Rock like our GOD.[63]
The NAME OF THE LORD is a stronghold tower: the Righteous runneth into it, and are safe.[64]

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me:[65]
I fell into troubled distress and sorrow,
and I called upon the NAME OF THE LORD,

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[54] Cf. Psalms 90 (91):2. I will say to the LORD, *He Is* my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust. [KJV] Also cf. Hebrews 2:13. And Again I will put my trust in Him. And again, Behold! I and the children which God Hath Given me. [KJV]

[55] Humble dependence on God with believing supplication to Him for all which is needed, is one of the best means of gaining benefit from trials while they last, and in due time a glorious deliverance form them.

[56] Deuteronomy 32:4.

[57] *The God of my rock*: Cf. 2 Corinthians 1:3. Blessed *be* God, even the Father of our LORD, Jesus Christ, the Father of Mercies, and the God of all comfort.

[58] *Shield*: defense from enemies. Cf. Genesis 15:1. After these things the Word of the LORD came unto Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abram, I *Am* thy shield, *and* thy exceeding great reward. [KJV] Also cf. Psalms 84:11. For the LORD God *is* a sun and shield: the LORD will give Grace and Glory: no good *thing* will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. *Sun and shield*: protector, benefactor, and source of all good. *Grace and Glory*: one as a preparation for the other.

[59] The Horn of my Salvation: The horn, the dreadful weapon of an enraged bull, was an emblem of power and strength. Cf. the Benedictus (Luke 1:68-79) - in this canticle, Zachary, the father of John the Baptizer, expresses his thanks to God for sending the Messiah. In Luke 1:69 God fulfills His Promise by raising up a Horn of Salvation for His People in the House of His servant David. In Psalms 131 (132):17, the pact between David and the Lord, God makest a Horn sprout forth for David: a strong offspring of David. This refers preeminently to Christ, who is called a "sprout" of David by the prophets. Cf. Jer. 23:5, 33:15; Zach 3:8, 6:12.

[60] Psalms 3:3. But Thou, O LORD, art a shield for me; my Glory, and the lifter up of my head. [KJV]

[61] *Tower*: source of security. Cf. Psalms 9:9. The LORD also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. [KJV] Alternatively, cf. Psalms 9A:10. The LORD is a stronghold for the oppressed, a stronghold in times of distress. [*Confraternity*] Also cf. Psalms 18:10. The Name of the LORD is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe. Also cf. Psalms 45 (46):1. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

[62] Psalms 45 (46): 7, 11. [KJV] Cf. Psalms 59:16. But I will sing of Thy Power; yea, I will revel aloud of Thy Mercy in the morning: for Thou hast been my defense and refuge in the day of trouble.

[63] 1 Samuel 2:2.

[64] Proverbs 18:10.

[65] *Sorrows of death - pains of hell*: or, cords of death, cords of hell; that is, snares set to take away his life and bring him down to hell; the word "hell" being here used, as in Psalms 16:10, for the place of the dead.

Psalms 16:10. For Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt Thou suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption. *In hell*: in the Old Testament, the word "hell" is often used for the invisible world, or place of the dead, without describing their condition. *To see corruption*: Christ's body arose from the grave without seeing corruption. Acts 2:25-28, 31; and the bodies of the believers shall be delivered from corruption by virtue of their union with Him.

"O LORD, I beseech THEE 'Deliver my soul.'"[66]

In my distress I cried unto the LORD, and HE Heard me.[67]

The ETERNAL is to be praised! - I called to HIM,
and I was rescued from my foes.

Resplendent You Came, O Powerful One,
from the everlasting mountains.[68]
Saying with a Loud Voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive Divinity and power,
and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.[69]

For the Son of man Is Quick Become to save that which was lost.[70]

ii

For waves of death surged round and [floods of ungodly men[71]] overwhelmed me,[72]
floods of destruction burst on me, the torrents of perdition swept over me,
SHEOL the Netherworld wrapped deadly cords around me, nets entangling me,
and death laid fatal snares in my path and surprised me.
But I called to The ETERNAL in my plight;
yes, I called to my GOD for aid;
and HE in HIS TEMPLE SANCTUARY[73] heard my voice,
my cry *did enter* into HIS Ears.

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[66] Psalms 116:3, 4. The current Hebrew text is probably correct in treating as a single unit the two parts which the Greek and Latin versions treat as separate psalms. This is a Hymn of Thanksgiving sung in the temple by an individual who, when mortally ill, had been cured by the Lord. [*Confraternity*] Cf. Psalms 34:6. This poor man cried, and the LORD heard *him*, and saved him out of all his troubles. *This poor man*: David, who had been delivered from great and sore distresses. Also cf. Psalms 34:15. The Eyes of the LORD *are* upon the righteous, and His Ears *are open* unto their cry. Also cf. Jonah 2:2. [ ] I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the LORD, and He Heard me; out of the belly of hell, cried I, *and* Thou Heardest my voice.

[67] Psalms 120:1. Cf. Exodus 3:7. And the LORD said, I have surely seen the affliction of MY People which *are* in Egypt, and I Have Heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows. [KJV]

[68] Psalms 75 (76):4. [*Confraternity*] *From the everlasting mountains*: from the temple on Mount Sion, the "ancient," age old fortress of the Jebusites. Cf. Psalms 76:4. Thou *art* more glorious *and* excellent than the mountains of prey. [KJV] Also cf. Psalms 23 (24):7, 9. Lift up, O gates, your lintels, reach up, you ancient portals, that the King of Glory may come in! *Your lintels*: literally, "*your heads*." [*Confraternity*]

[69] Revelations 5:12.

[70] St-Matthew 18:11.

[71] **Belial** (Be'li-al) (בליעל *bĕli-yaal*) [a Hebrew adjective meaning *worthlessness* from two common words *beli-* (בְּלִי "*without*") and *ya'al* (יָעַל "*value*")]. The quality or state of being useless, base, good-for-nothing men of the lowest sort. Idolaters. A name for Satan. In *The War of the Sons of Light Against the Sons of Darkness*, one of the Dead Sea scrolls, Belial is the leader of the Sons of Darkness: "But for corruption thou hast made Belial, an angel of hostility. All his dominions are in darkness, and his purpose is to bring about wickedness and guilt. All the spirits that are associated with him are but angels of destruction."

[72] *Waves of death*: calamities breaking in upon him like the waves of the sea, and threatening to destroy him. *Floods of ungodly men*: this figure expresses both their multitude and their impetuous force.

[73] His Temple: His Heavenly Abode.

iii

Oh that THOU Wouldst Rend the heavens, that THOU Wouldst Come Down,
that the mountains might flow down at THY PRESENCE.[74]

The Voice of THY Thunder *was* in the heaven:
the lightning lightened the world:
Then the earth quaked and trembled, swaying,[75]
hills were quivering to their base,
heaven's very foundations shook and swayed,
before HIS ANGER they quaked.[76]
Smoke fumed from HIS Nostrils,
and fierce scorching fire from HIS Lips,
that kindled blazing coals.[77]
For our GOD IS a Consuming Fire.[78]
HE inclined the heavens[79]
as Down HE Came on the bending sky,[80]
the dark Storm-Clouds were beneath HIS Feet.[81]
A fire goeth before HIM, and burneth up HIS enemies round about.[82]
The pillars of Heaven tremble and are astonished at HIS Thunderous Rebuke.[83]
Mounted, HE Rode on flying KHERUBS - mighty angelic beings,[84]

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[74] Isaiah 64:1. What follows is a highly poetical description of God's Appearing for the Deliverance of His servant, and the destruction of His enemies.

[75] Psalms 77:18. [KJV] God's Intervention is graphically portrayed under the figures of an earthquake and a thunderstorm. [*Confraternity*] Cf. Acts 4:31. And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the Word of God with boldness.

[76] All created things are dependant upon and under the control of Jehovah, and whenever He sees best He can use them as instruments for the Salvation of His friends and destruction of His enemies.

[77] *That kindled blazing coals*: from the brightness that was before Him burning coals proceeded.

[78] Hebrews 12:29

[79] Psalms 143 (144):5-7. Incline Your Heavens, O LORD, and come down; touch the mountains, and they shall smoke; Flash forth lightning, and put them to flight, shoot Your Arrows and rout them; Reach out Your Hand from On High - Deliver me and rescue me from many waters, from the hands of Aliens. [*Confraternity*]

[80] *Bending sky*; bent them aside as a curtain. At the appearance of God all the elements do Him homage, and as His servants are entirely under His control, he uses them and disposes of them as seemeth good in His Sight.

[81] Cf. Judges 5:4. LORD, when Thou went wentest out of Seir, when Thou marchedst out of the field of Edom, the earth trembled, and the heavens dropped, the clouds also dropped water. [KJV]

[82] Psalms 97:3. [KJV]

[83] Job 26:11.

[84] *Kherub* (*Cherub*): the cherubim are represented as the bearers of God's Throne, Ezekiel chapter 10. Cf. Psalms 80:1. Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; Thou that dwellest *between* the cherubims, shine forth. [KJV] Also cf. Psalms 99:1. The LORD reigneth; let the people tremble: He Sitteth *between* the cherubims; let the earth be moved. [KJV] He is spoken of poetically as mounted on Cherub: since God makes the winds His Messengers, or "Angels." [Psalms 103 (104):4. You Make the Winds Your Messengers, and flaming fire (lightning) Your Ministers.] In Hebrews 1:7 this verse is cited as an argument for the Superiority of Christ over the Angels: *Thou Hast Made Him for a little whole lower than the Angels, Thou Hast Crowned Him with Glory and Honour, and Hast Set Him Over the Works of Thy Hands*.] If God uses mere wind and lightening as His Messengers and Ministers, then the MINISTERING SPIRITS in Heaven whom God also uses as His Messengers must be immeasurable lower than the Eternal Son of God. In Greek the argument is more striking because the word *pnuema* means both

soaring and swooping with the Wings of the Wind.[85]
Before HIM went the Pestilence, and the plague follows in HIS Steps.[86]
HE Shrouded HIM in a canopy of Darkness,[87]
veiling HIS PRESENCE in approaching,
with misty rain-clouds dark and dense.
Justice and Judgment are the foundation of HIS Throne.[88]
A great brightness shone around HIM,[89]
fiery storm-clouds rolling in front of HIM poured out dark water,
the skies sent out a sound;[90]
hailstones and burning coals of fire and lightning flashing before HIM,
as from Heaven the ETERNAL thundered,
as the MOST HIGH Uttered HIS Voice;[91]
HE shot HIS Arrows abroad and scattered HIS enemies,[92]
HE shot twisting flashes of bolt lightning, and they were confused, routed.
The sun forgets to rise *and* moon stands still in its habitation:
at the Light of THINE Flying Arrows they went, *and* at the shining of THY Glittering Spear.[93]
At THY Storming, O ETERNAL,
at the snorting blast of THY Nostrils, the blast of THY Breath,
the flowing waters were gathered together like a mound, the floods stood upright as a heap,
and the depths were congealed in the midst of the heart of the sea,[94]

"wind' and "spirit," while the word *angelos* means both "messenger" and "angel." He is *also* spoken of poetically as riding on the storm clouds.

His earthy Throne on the Ark of the Covenant was likewise formed by two winged cherubim. Exodus 37:7-9. Two cherubim of beaten gold were made for the two ends of the propitiatory, one cherub fastened at one end, the other at the other end, springing directly from the propitiatory at its two ends. The cherubim had their wings spread out above, covering the propitiatory with them. They were turned towards each other, but with their faces looking towards the propitiatory. Cf. Exodus 25:10-22, Plan of the Ark. Also cf. Psalm 79 (80):2b; 98 (99):1.

[85] Cf. Psalms 104:3. Who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters: Who maketh the clouds His Chariot: Who walketh upon the wings of the wind. [KJV]

[86] Habakkuk 3:5. Cf. Habakkuk 3:6. He stood and measured the earth: He beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow: His Ways *are* Everlasting. Also cf. Habakkuk 3:10. The mountains saw Thee, *and* they trembled: the overflowing of the water passed by: the deep uttered His Voice, *and* lifted up His Hands On High.

[87] Cf. Exodus 20:21. And still the people stood afar off at a distance, and Moses drew near unto the thick cloud of darkness where GOD *Was*. Also cf. Job 36:29. Also can *any* understand the spreading of the clouds, *or* the noise of His Tabernacle. [KJV]

[88] Cf. 2 Samuel 22:13. And He made darkness pavilions round about Him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. [KJV] Also cf. Psalms 97:2-4. Clouds of darkness *are* round about Him: righteousness and judgment *are* the habitation of His Throne. A fire goeth before Him, and burneth up His enemies round about. His lightenings enlighten the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

[89] *A great brightness shone around Him*: Jehovah is represented as dwelling in LIGHT UNAPPROACHABLE, whence proceed thick clouds with tempests of hail and lightning.

[90] Psalms 77:17. The clouds poured out water: the skies sent out a sound: Thine Arrows also went abroad. [KJV]

[91] Cf. Isaiah 30:30. And the LORD shall cause His Glorious Voice to be heard, and shall shew the lightening down of His Arm, with the indignation of *His* Anger, and *with* the flame of a devouring fire, *with* scattering, and tempest, and hailstones. [KJV]

[92] Cf. Deuteronomy 32:23. I . I will heap woe upon woe upon them; I will exhaust Mine Arrows upon them. Also cf. Psalms 7:13. He hath also prepared for him the Instruments of Death: He Ordaineth Fiery Darts for Arrows against the persecutors. Also cf. Psalms 21:12. Therefore shalt Thou make them turn their back *when* Thou shalt make ready *Thine Arrows* upon Thy Strings against the face of them. [KJV]

[93] Habakkuk 3:11.

and the foundations of the world were vanquished and laid bare,[95]
at THY Rebuke storming, O ETERNAL,
at the blast of the wind of THY Wrath.[96]

Cast forth lightning, and scatter them: shoot out THINE Arrows, and destroy them.[97]
Send THINE Hand from above; rid me, and deliver me out of many great waters, from the hand of strange children.[98]
Let burning coals fall among them: let them be cast into the fire; into deep pits, that they rise not up again.[99]

Hear attentively the noise of HIS Angry Voice,
and the sound *that* rumbles forth out of HIS Mouth!
He directeth it everywhere under the whole heaven,
and HIS Lightning unto the ends of the earth.
Again after it roareth: HE Thundereth with the Majestic Voice of HIS Excellency:
and HE Will Not stay them when HIS Voice is heard.
GOD Thundereth marvelously with HIS Voice;
great things doeth HE, which we cannot comprehend,
wonders past our searching out.[100]

HE Reaches Down from On High to Raise me,
HE Draws me from the flood's many deep waters,
HE Frees me from my mighty foes so strong,
from Haters far too powerfully strong for me,
who assailed me by surprise in the day of my calamity;
but the ETERNAL Comes to my support,
and hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy:[101]
and sets me free, in a clear, spacious place;[102]
as HE Delights in me, HE Rescues me.[103]

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[94] Exodus 15:8.

[95] *The heart of the sea - the foundations of the world*: the deep abysses of the sea. These are made bare by the convulsions of nature. The waters are represented as fleeing at God's Presence, so that the deep channels of the sea are laid bare to human vision.

[96] Cf. Nahum 1:4. He rebuketh the sea, and maketh it dry, and drieth up all the rivers: Bashan languisheth, and Carmel, and the flower of Lebanon languisheth. [KJV] Note: Bashan, Carmel, and Lebanon were famous for their forests.

[97] *Scatter them - destroy them*: my enemies.

[98] Psalms 144:6, 7. [KJV] *Many great waters*: numerous and great troubles and afflictions.

[99] Psalms 140:10. [KJV]

[100] Job 37:2-5. Cf. Psalms 104:7. At Thy Rebuke they fled; at the Voice of Thy Thunder they hasted away.

[101] In times of calamity the Lord is the support of His people, and He will deliver and save all who put their trust in Him. Cf. 2 Samuel 15:26. But if He thus say, I have no delight in thee; behold, *here am* I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him. [KJV]

[102] *A clear, spacious place*: where I had freedom from my enemies and the distresses they brought upon me. The figure is taken from military life, where nothing is so dangerous as to be hemmed in among narrow defiles. Psalms 31:8. [KJV] Cf. Psalms 118:5. In my straits I called upon the LORD: the LORD answered me, *and set me* in a large place.

[103] Cf. Psalms 4:1. Hear me when I call, O my just God of Righteousness: Thou hast enlarged me *when I was* in distress; have pity upon me, and hear my prayer. Also cf. Job 33:26. He shall pray unto God, and he will be favourable unto Him: and he shall see His Face with joy: for He will render unto man his righteousness. Alco cf.

iv

The ETERNAL deals with me as I am upright,
for the Cleanliness of my hands HE Requited me,[104]
HE Recompenses me for my CLEAN LIFE;
for I have kept to the ETERNAL'S Road,
and never sinned by swerving from my GOD to follow evil;
for HIS Ordinances are all before my Mind,[105]
I never set aside HIS Statutes from me,
I never swerved from HIS Commands;
I have never abandoned HIS Decrees.
But I was wholeheartedly towards HIM,
and I was on my guard against guilt;
I was upright and blameless in HIS Eyes,[106]
and kept me clear of sin (or guilt).[107]
So the ETERNAL Has Rewarded me for my integrity,
according to the Cleanliness of my hands in HIS Sight,
for a LIFE CLEAN in HIS Eyes.[108]

Towards the faithful YOU Are Faithful,[109]
to the kind THOU Provest Kind, and True to the True,
to the pure THOU Provest Pure.
and treacherous to the treacherous which are opposed to THEE;[110]

Psalms 7:8. The LORD shall judge the people: judge me, O LORD, according to my righteousness, and according to mine integrity *that is* in me. [KJV]

[104] *Cleanliness of my hands*: his innocence of the sins charged upon him, and his hearty devotion to the service of God. The LORD often treats men in this world according to their character; and He will always do it in the world to come.

[105] Cf. Deuteronomy 6:6-9. And take [to heart] these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gate. [KJV] Also cf. Deuteronomy 7:12. Wherefore it shall come to pass, if ye hearken to these Judgments, and keep, and do them, that the LORD thy GOD shall keep unto thee the covenant and the mercy which HE Sware on Oath unto thy fathers.

[106] *Upright*: honest, sincere, and merciful.

[107] *Clear of sin* (*or guilt*): that to which he was most tempted. Cf. Genesis 6:9. [ ] Noah was a just man *and* perfect in his generations, *and* Noah walked with God - blameless among the men of his day. Also cf. Ephesians 1:4. According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in Love. Also cf. Job 1:1. There was a [blameless] man in the land of Uz, whose name *was* Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil. [KJV]

[108] Cf. Psalms 24:4. He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully to his neighbour. Also cf. Ruth 2:12. May the LORD recompense thy work! and a full reward be given thee of the LORD God of Is'ra-el, under whose wings thou art come to trust.

[109] Men are treated by God in the same way they treat Him and their fellow men. [*Confraternity*] Cf. 1 Samuel 26:23. ***David answering Saul***: The LORD render to every man his righteousness and his faithfulness: for the LORD delivered thee into *my* hand today, but I would not stretch forth mine hand against the LORD's Anointed. [KJV] Also cf. Matthew 5:7. Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

[110] The Lord will treat men, in many respects, as they treat their fellow-men. Cf. Matthew 6:14, 15. For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither

the humble THOU Wilt Raise,
the unsavory THOU Wilt Mark and shrewdly Abase.[111]
And the afflicted people THOU wilt Save:[112]
but THINE Eyes are upon the haughty, *that* THOU mayest bring *them* down.[113]

O THOU ETERNAL, THOU Arthe my Lamp *in darkness* unto my feet,[114]
my GOD, THOU Wilt make the darkness about me to shine;[115]
by THY Help I have broken an armed barricade troop,
by GOD'S HELP I can leap over a wall.[116]
As for GOD, HIS Way is Perfect; the Word of the LORD *is* tried:
HE IS a buckler to all them that trust in HIM.[117]
GOD IS Unerring in His Ways,
the ETERNAL'S Promises are fire-tried and true;[118]
HE Shields all who take Refuge in HIM.
They also do no iniquity: they walk in HIS Ways.[119]

Part 2

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will your Father forgive your trespasses. *Treacherous to the treacherous*: He would contend with, oppose, and punish them.

[111] Cf. Leviticus 26:23, 24. And if ye will not be chastened by Me by these things, but will walk contrary unto me; Then will I also walk contrary unto you, and will smite you yet seven times for your sins. Also cf. Psalms 101.5. Whoso privily slandereth his neighbour, him will I cut off: him that hath an high look and a proud heart will not I suffer. [KJV]

[112] The humble, sincere, and benevolent are objects of God's favour, and receive special tokens of His Love; while the proud, hypocritical, and selfish He abhors, and will visit with His displeasure. Cf. Psalms 12:5. For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the LORD: I will set *him* in safety *from him that* puffeth at him. [KJV] Also cf. Psalms 72:12. For He shall deliver the needy when he crieth: he shall have pity on the poor also, and *him* that hath no helper. Also cf. Matthew 5:3. Blessed *are* the poor in Spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

[113] Cf. Job 40:11. Cast abroad the fury of Thy Wrath: and behold every one *that* is proud, and abase him. Also cf. 1 Kings 8:32. Then hear Thou in Heaven, and Do, and Judge thy servants, condemning the wicked, to bring his way upon his head; and justifying the righteous, to give him according to his righteousness. [KJV]

[114] *My Lamp*: showing him the way in which he should go. Light to my lamp: a figure of life and happiness. Cf. 3 Kings 11:36. And to his son I Will Give one tribe, that there may remain "a lamp for my servant David" before Me always in Jerusalem the city which I Have Chosen, that My Name might be there. [*Confraternity*] Also cf. Psalms 132:17. There will I make the horn of David to bud: I have ordained a lamp for Mine Anointed. [KJV]

[115] Cf. Job 18:6. The light shall be dark in his tabernacle, and his candle shall be put out with him. [KJV]

[116] *Leapt over a wall*: surmounted the wall of the enemy's fortress, and thus taken it by storm.

[117] *Buckler*: shield, protection.

[118] Cf. Psalms 12:6. The words of the LORD *are* pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of the earth, purified seven times. [KJV] Also cf. Proverbs 30:5. Every word of God is pure; He Is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him. [KJV]

[119] Psalms 119:3. Cf. Daniel 4:37. Now I Něb-u-chad-něz'zar praise and extol and honour the King of Heaven - all whose works *are* Truth, and His Ways Judgment: and those that walk in pride He Is Able to abase. Cf. Matthew 10:41, 42. He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward; and he that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man shall receive a righteous man's reward. And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold *water* only in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward. [KJV]

i

For Who Is GOD save the ETERNAL?
Who Is Steadfast save our GOD? - HE IS Solid as a Rock,[120]
HIS Work is faultless, perfect: for all HIS Ways *are* a right judgment!
There is none HOLY as the LORD: for *there is* none besides INESS:[121]
neither *is there* any Strong Rock like our GOD.[122]
A faithful GOD of Truth and without iniquity,
how Just and Right IS HE![123]

Ma'at.

GOD IS a Perfect Guide to me.[124]
the GOD Who Girds me with strength,[125]
and clears the path for me to keep my way unerring.[126]
The LORD GOD *IS* my strength,
and HE makes me nimble as a surefooted hind[127]
and sets me on the mountain heights[128]
and maketh me to walk upon mine higher places.[129]
HE made [me] ride triumphant on the summits of the earth, that [I] might eat the increase of the fields;

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[120] Cf. Deuteronomy 32:31. For their rock *is* not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves *being* judges. [KJV]

[121] Cf. Psalms 17:7. Shew Thy Marvelous Loving-Kindness, O Thou that Savest by Thy Right Hand them which put their trust *in Thee* from those that rise up *against them.*

[122] 1 Samuel 2:2. Cf. Isaiah 45:5, 6. I *Am* the LORD, and *there is* none else, *there is* no god beside me: I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me: That they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the West, that *there is* none beside Me. I am the LORD, and *there is* none else. Note: The sun sets in the West.

[123] Deuteronomy 32:4. Cf. Romans 12:3. For I say, through the Grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think *of himself* more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of Faith. [KJV] Also cf. Revelations 15:3. And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvelous *are* Thy Works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy Ways, Thou King of Ages.

[124] Cf. Matthew 5:48. Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Heavenly Father Is Perfect. Also cf. Psalms 119:140. Thy Word *is* very sure: therefore Thy servant loveth It. *Very sure*: literally, "fire-tried," said of purified metals that are genuine and reliable. Cf. Psalms 11 (12):7. The Promises of the LORD are sure, like tried silver, free from dross, sevenfold refined.

[125] For all their successes the people of God are indebted to Him, and to Him they give the Glory. Cf. Psalms 27:1. The LORD *Is* my Light and my Salvation; whom shall I fear? the LORD *is* the strength of my Life; of whom shall I be afraid? Also cf. Psalms 91:2. I will say of the LORD, *He Is* my refuge and my fortress: my God, in Him I will trust. [KJV]

[126] Cf. Deuteronomy 18:13. Thou shalt be perfectly sincere towards the LORD thy God. Also cf. Hebrews 13:21. Make you perfect in every good work to do His Will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His Sight, through Jesus Christ, to Whom *be* Glory for ever and ever. Amen.

[127] *Nimble as a surefooted hind*: the hind is celebrated for its fleetness; it is very swift, and able to stand in safety on the most dangerous places. Cf. 2 Samuel 2:18. [ ] and A'sa-hĕl *was as* light on foot as a wild roe. Also cf. Proverbs 4:12. When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble. [KJV] There are no difficulties in the path of duty which those who trust in God may not overcome, and no dangers which they may not escape.

[128] The heights: a natural stronghold, safe from attack. [*Confraternity*]

[129] *Mine higher places*: where I am safe from my enemies. Cf. Habakkuk 3:19. The Lord God *is* my strength, and He will make my feet like hind's *feet*, and He will make me to walk upon mine high place. *To the chief singer on my stringed instruments.* Also cf. Isaiah 33:16. He shall dwell on high: his place of defense *shall be* the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters *shall be* sure. [KJV]

and HE made [me] to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock.[130]
HE trains me how to fight;[131]
HE Strengthens my arm till I can break a bow of bronze.[132]
THOU Hast also given me the Shield of THY Salvation:
and THY Gentleness hath made me great.[133]

I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way.
I will persevere in the Way of Integrity;
O when wilt THOU Come unto me?
I will walk within my house with a perfect heart.[134]
Mine eyes *shall be* upon the faithful of the land,
that they may dwell with me:
he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me.[135]

ii

THOU Hast Shielded me with THINE Answering Aid,
THY Right Hand holds me up;
THINE Answers to Prayer have stooped to raise me up to be great.
THOU Hast Enlarged my steps under me; so that my feet did not slip.[136]
THOU Hast Made a wide path and given me room to move,
and a foothold sure - unwavering was my stride.[137]

I pursued my foes and killed them,
I never turned and did not stop until they were *all* killed.
I consumed them.
I killed them, felling them till they could not rise;
they fell down beneath my feet.[138]

iii

For THOU Hadst Braced me for the fray,
THOU Madest my assailants drop before me;[139]

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[130] Deuteronomy 32:13.
[131] Cf. Psalms 144:1. Blessed be the LORD, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, *and* my fingers to fight.
[132] *Till I can break a bow of bronze*: The bending of a bow of bronze represents the great strength he has received from Jehovah.
[133] *Gentleness*: condescending kindness and teaching.
[134] Psalms 101:2.
[135] Psalms 101:6.
[136] *Enlarged my steps*: given me full liberty and enabled me to walk in safety.
[137] Cf. Proverbs 4:12. When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble. Cf. Malachi 4:3. And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do *this*, saith the LORD of HOSTS.
[138] Cf. Psalms 44:5. Through Thee will we push down our enemies: through Thy Name will we tread them under that rise up against us. [KJV]
[139] God adapts His dealings to the circumstances of His People, and gives Mercies accor4ding to their necessities; so that as their day is, their wisdom, strength, consolation, and all needful blessings will be.

THOU Madest my foes fly, fly before me,
till I finished off those who hated me.
YOU Have Placed my foot upon their necks.[140]
They looked for help, but there is none to help them,
they cried to the ETERNAL, but they got no answer;[141]
and I pounded them to pieces as fine as the dust of the earth before the wind,[142]
I stamped on them like mud in the street,[143]
I scattered them - far and wide.

iv

THOU Hast Freed me from strife with my people
and kept me to be head over the pagan nations;[144]
a people I had not known became my slaves;[145]
outsiders fawned on me,
foreigners rendered homage to me;
once they heard of me, they came cringing before me.[146]
As soon as they hear of me, strangers lose all courage, fade away and submit themselves unto me,[147]
and they shall come limping out of their close places girding themselves.[148]

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[140] *My foot upon their necks*: causing my enemies to turn their backs before me. Cf. Genesis 49:8. Judah, thou *art he* whom thy brethren shall praise: thy hand *shall be* on the neck of thine enemies; thy father's children shall bow down before thee. Also cf. Joshua 10:24. And it came to pass, when they brought out those kings unto Joshua, that Joshua called for all the men of Israel, and said unto the captains of the men of war which marched with him, Come near, put your feet upon the necks of these kings. And they came near, and put their feet upon the necks of them.

[141] *They got no answer*: their cry to Him was that of distress merely, after they were given up to ruin as a punishment for their sins. The wicked may call upon God when He will not answer; they may seek Him early and not find Him. If they hate knowledge, and do not choose the fear of the Lord, they must eat the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. Cf. Proverbs 1:23-32. Also cf. 1 Samuel 28:6. And when Saul enquired of the LORD, the LORD answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Ū'rim, nor by prophets. Also cf. Job 27:9. Will God hear his cry when trouble cometh upon him? Also cf. Proverbs 1:28. Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me. Also cf. Isaiah 1:15. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide Mine Eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood.

[142] *Pounded them to pieces*: utterly destroyed them.

[143] Cf. Isaiah 10:6. I will send him against an hypocritical nation, and against the impious people of My Wrath will I give him a charge, to take the spoil, and to take the prey, and to tread them down like the mire of the streets. Also cf. Zechariah 10:5. And they shall be as mighty *men*, which tread down *their enemies* in the mire of the streets in the battle: and they shall fight, because the LORD is with them, and the riders on the horses shall be confounded.

[144] Cf. Deuteronomy 28:13. And the LORD shall make thee the head, and not the tail; and thou shalt be above only, and thou shalt not be beneath; if thou hearken unto the Commandments of the LORD thy God, which I command thee this day, to observe and do *them*.

[145] Cf. Isaiah 52:15. So shall He sprinkle many nations; the kings shall shut their mouths at Him: for *that* which had not been told them shall they see; and *that* which they had not heard shall they consider.

[146] Cf. Isaiah 55:5. Behold, thou shalt call a nation *that* thou knowest not, and nations *that* knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel: for He Hath Glorified thee.

[147] From what God has done for His People they are encouraged as to what He Will Do, and led confidently to expect that He Will Fulfill His Promises for ever.

[148] *Close places*: their fortresses. *They shall come limping out of their close places*: shall come forth out of them with fear. Cf. Micah 7:17. They shall lick the dust like a serpent, they shall move out of their holes like worms of the earth: they shall come quaking from their fastnesses, trembling in fear of the LORD our God, and shall fear because of

Part 3

The ETERNAL IS LIVING! - blest be my Mighty Rock![149]
exalted be my Strong GOD of Victory! -
HE IS the GOD Who Lets me enjoy my vengeance,
crushing the nations under me,[150]
succoring me from my foes.
My Goodness, and my Fortress; my High Tower, and my Deliverer:
my Shield, and *HE* in whom I trust; who subdueth my people under me.[151]
O THOU Who Settest me high above my enemies,
Who rescuest me from violent men,[152]
I thank THEE, O ETERNAL, before pagans,
I will sing Praise to THY NAME.
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD.[153]

And that the Gentiles might glorify GOD for *HIS* Mercy; as it is written,
For this cause I will confess to THEE among the Gentiles, and sing unto THY NAME.[154]
Deliver me from mine enemies, O my God: defend me from them that rise up against me.[155]

And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me:
therefore will I offer in HIS Tabernacle Sacrifices of Joy.

[HE IS a TOWER OF SALVATION Giving HIS King great victories,[156]
steadfast Love and kindness to HIS Anointed Prince,[157]
to David and to his Seed for evermore.[158]]

Thee. Also cf. Proverbs 1:28. Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me.

[149] Cf. Psalms 86:8. Among the gods *there is* none like unto Thee, O LORD; neither *are there any works* like unto Thy Works. Also cf. Psalms 89:26. He shall cry unto Me, Thou *art* my father, my God, at the Rock of my Salvation.

[150] Cf. Deuteronomy 32:31. For their rock *is* not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves *being* judges. Also cf. Psalms 47:3. He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

[151] Psalms 144:2.

[152] Cf. Psalms 140:1, 4, & 11. Deliver me, O LORD, from the evil man: preserve me from the violent man. Save me, O LORD, from the hands of the wicked; preserve me from the violent men; who have purposed to overthrow my goings. Let not an evil speaker be established in the earth: evil shall hunt the violent man to overthrow *him*.

[153] Psalms 27:6.

[154] Romans 15:9.

[155] Psalms 59:1. [KJV]

[156] Cf. Psalms 21:1. The "king's heart" *is* in the hand of the LORD, as the rivers of water: He turneth it withersoever He will. Also cf. Psalms 144:10. *It is he* that givest Salvation unto kings: Who Delivereth David his servant from the hurtful sword. [KJV]

[157] Cf. Psalms 89:20. I have found David my servant; with my Holy Oil I have Anointed him.

[158] *To his Seed*: to whom God had confirmed the kingdom for ever. Cf. cf. Psalms 89:29. His seed also will I make *to endure* for ever, and his throne as the Days of Heaven. Also cf. 2 Samuel 7:12, 16. And when thy days be fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee, which shall proceed out thy bowels, and I will establish his kingdom. And thy house and thy kingdom shall be established for ever before thee: thy throne shall be

Where Mercy is shown, Mercy is given.

established for ever. The Seed of David is, in a special sense, Christ; and, in Christ, all who have like precious faith with David.

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